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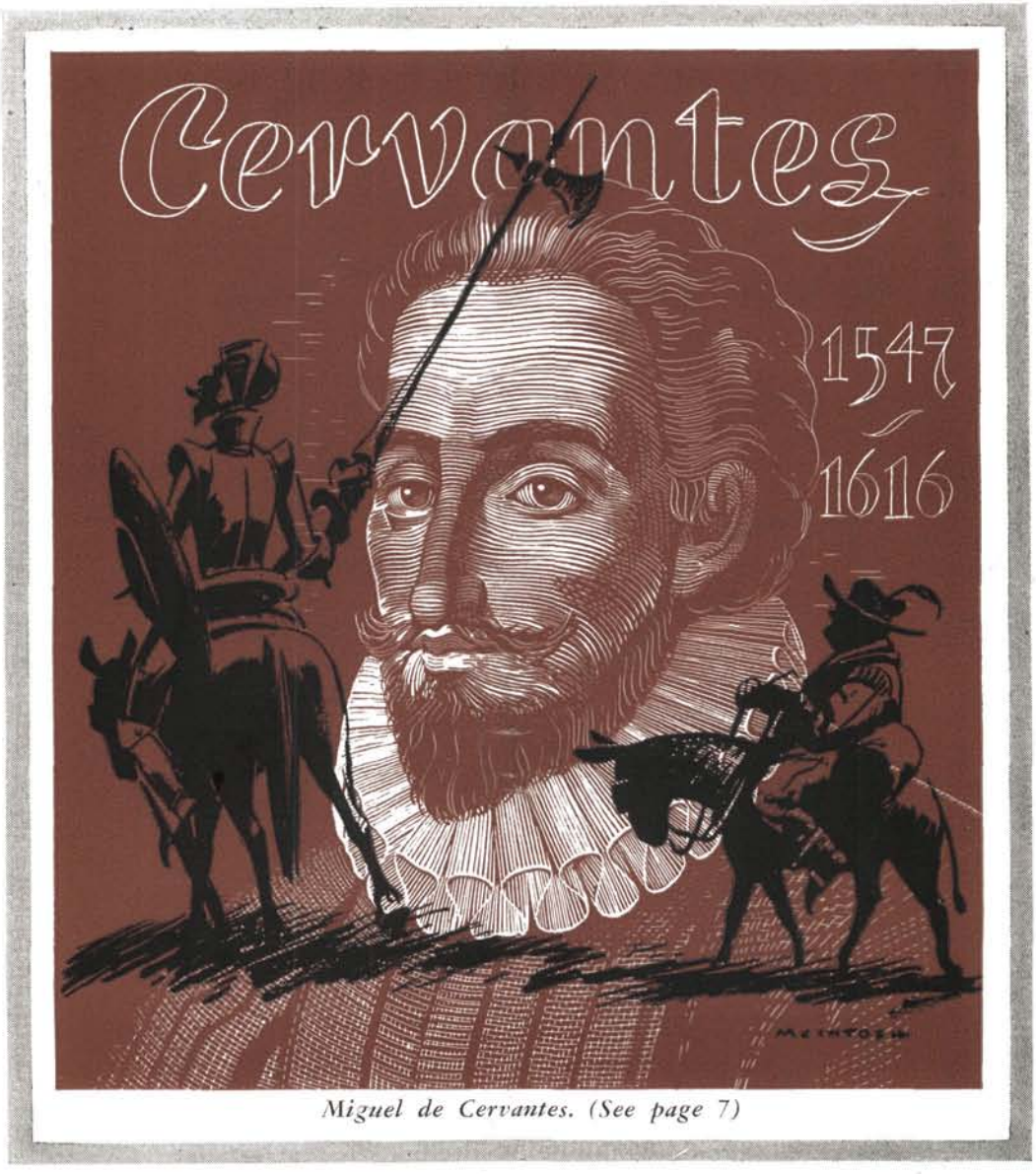

Miguel de Cervantes. *(See page 7)*

1947's Biggest Literary Anniversary

Cervantes's Quadricentennial Finds Him in Exile

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What the Book Business needs

IF YOU wanted to be funny about it, you could sum it up in one word: *customers.* But there's nothing funny about the book business these days. It romped through the war years like a movie Commando. But now things are different. Now, it's an old man who has done everything three times and has forgotten what happened each time.

What does the book business need?

For one thing, it needs a longer memory. We forget all too quickly the hard lessons learned at great cost. We pay thirty thousand dollars to a shrewd banker to survey the industry and tell us what's wrong with it—and then, after his epic report is in print, we bury it with kind words and colossal disregard. But that's not all. We repeat the strange performance fifteen years later . . . and then, just a year after that, we start fidgeting about doing it again. All this wouldn't seem so odd, the vogue for confession being what it is, except that there is more real booktrade wisdom in the old Cheney Report than in anything that has been said or written since. All that a publisher or bookseller needs to do, to help himself out of the doldrums, is to read that book and take it to heart. But publishers and booksellers are so busy trying to *sell* books that they have no time, or patience, to read one.

For another thing, the book business needs to get rid of some childish notions. The notion, for instance, that you can get away with murder, if you're a publisher, a bookseller, or an author. The notion that you can sell any kind of book, no matter how dull, how stupid, how badly timed, how poorly written, how ineptly titled, how shabbily packaged . . . provided you can get a promotion genius to invent a word, a phrase, or a slogan. Publishers who believe that advertising or publicity alone is the magic key to the bestseller list have some rugged unlearning to do in the years to come. This has been said before, but it bears repeating: *Advertising can't sell a book that wouldn't sell without it.* It just speeds up the sale. That's something to keep in mind whenever a glib tongue tries to tell us that the reluctant public is a pushover for a smart adman. The public is smarter than the cleverest adman who ever lived. There have been, of course, some noisy boasts to the contrary . . . but, like most modern miracles, "they ain't been proved yet." Anyway, why beat brains out trying to unload trash, when it's easier to sell the books people want?

And finally, the book business needs to learn the simple truth that what interests people, will sell . . . and that what bores people, can't even be given away. This seems so perfectly obvious, that at first it hardly seems worth mentioning. And yet case histories of thousands of book failures prove that someone in the publisher's office forgot to ask: "Is this book interesting? And to whom?" Asking these two questions, in time, can keep a publisher out of trouble. Asking one other question, and doing something about it, can keep him happily solvent. That question is: "What do people want to know more about, and who can best tell them?"

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August 9, 1947

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TRADE Winds

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, the first Merriam-Webster dictionary was published. The G. and C. Merriam Company, preparing a brochure to commemorate the occasion, discovered that the following events also occurred in 1847:

Colonel John Fremont proclaimed the annexation of California; United States postage stamps were used for the first time (seven years later than in England); the Mormons founded Salt Lake City; Thomas Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, Alexander Graham Bell in Edinburgh; Richard Hoe invented the rotary printing press; "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Vanity Fair" were published in Britain, "Evangeline" in America; chloroform was used for the first time in surgery; the first theatre was opened in Chicago; Abraham Lincoln entered the House, Jeff Davis the Senate. . . .

THE QUEENS BOROUGH LIBRARY, on Parsons Boulevard, Jamaica, also observed an anniversary, its fiftieth, and Margaret Cole and Louis J. Bailey drew up a list of the most popular books there for each of the years in question. Not only will it evoke some tender memories, but it will, I think, prove that public taste has improved, if ever so slightly, in the past few decades. While they were at it, Miss Cole and Mr. Bailey listed some outstanding events and fads of the past half-century to provide, in effect, a capsule edition of "Our Yesterdays":

'96 *Klondike gold rush—McKinley defeats Bryan.*
"Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie.

'97 *Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee —"The Gibson Girl."*
"Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

'98 *"Remember the Maine!"—War with Spain—New York City consolidated.*
"Hugh Wynne," by S. Weir Mitchell.

'99 *Boer War—Philippine insurrection —"The Open Door."*
"Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill.

'00 *Boxer rebellion—New York digs first subway.*
"To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston.

'01 *McKinley shot—Theodore Roosevelt President—"Floradora."*
"Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.

'02 *Cuban republic inaugurated—Ping-pong sweeps U. S.*
"The Virginian," by Owen Wister.

'03 *Wright brothers fly—Skyscrapers —Caruso's debut.*
"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.

'04 *Russo-Japanese War—St. Louis Fair—Big business.*
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

'05 *Japan victorious in Treaty of Portsmouth — Roosevelt fights trusts—Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."*
"The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.

'06 *San Francisco earthquake—Pure Food and Drug Act.*
"The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair.

'07 *Financial panic—Marconi's first wireless talks across Atlantic.*
"The Doctor," by Ralph Connor.

'08 *Bread-lines—"The Merry Widow" —Taft defeats Bryan.*
"The Barrier," by Rex Beach.

'09 *"Model T" Ford—Peary claims North Pole—Bleriot flies over English Channel.*
"The Man in Lower Ten," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

'10 *Japan annexes Korea—Johnson knocks out Jeffries — Halley's comet.*
"The Rosary," by Florence L. Barclay.

'11 *"Alexander's Ragtime Band"—Triangle factory fire—Mona Lisa stolen.*
"The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol.

'12 *Titanic strikes iceberg — Woolworth building completed.*
"The Harvester," by Gene Stratton-Porter.

'13 *Wilson inaugurated — Armory show of modern art—Mary Pickford named "Queen of the Movies."*
"Pollyanna," by Eleanor H. Porter.

'14 *European War breaks out—Panama Canal opens.*
"Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.

'15 *Lusitania torpedoed—Transcontinental telephone—"The Birth of a Nation."*
"The Harbor," by Ernest Poole.

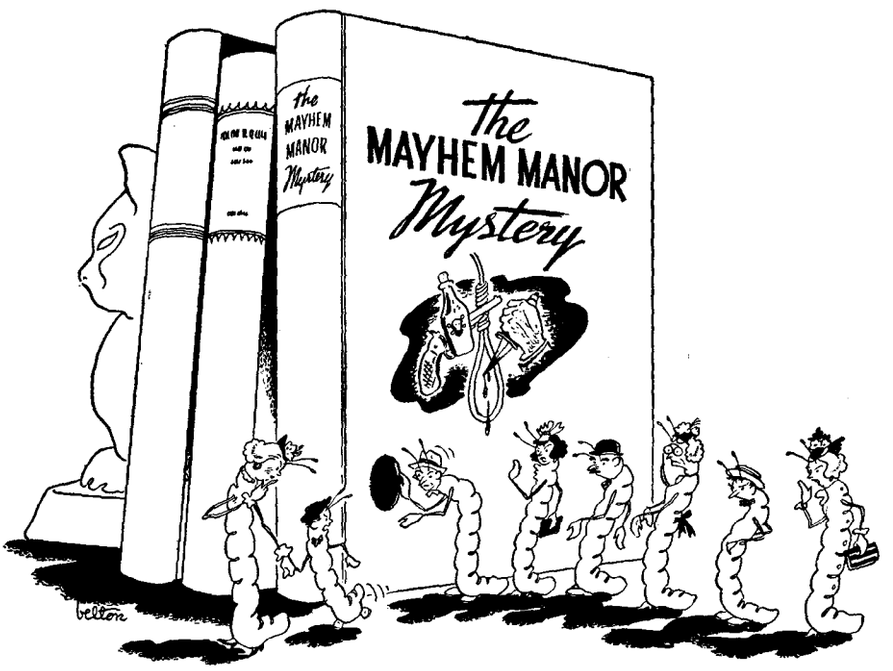
'16 *Black Tom explosion—Philippines promised independence — Mexican border troubles.*
"When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright.

'17 *U. S. declares war—Liberty Loans —Revolution in Russia.*
"Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells.

'18 *Wilson's "Fourteen Points"—"The Yanks Are Coming" — Armistice Day.*
"The U. P. Trail," by Zane Grey.

'19 *Treaty of Versailles signed—Prohibition—"The High Cost of Living."*
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Blasco y Ibañez.

'20 *League of Nations meets—Women vote—First radio broadcast.*
"A Man for the Ages," by Irving Batcheller.



"The butler done it! The butler done it!"

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'21 *"Return to Normalcy"—Dempsey beats Carpentier—Limitation of Armaments Conference.*
"Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis.

'22 *Flapper era—Mah-jongg—Lincoln Memorial dedicated — Mussolini marches on Rome.*
"If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

'23 *Coolidge succeeds Harding—Ku Klux Klan—Coué-ism.*
"The Sea-Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini.

'24 *Teapot Dome — "Rhapsody in Blue"—Crossword puzzles.*
"So Big," by Edna Ferber.

'25 *Florida boom—Shenandoah crash — Red Grange — "What Price Glory?"*
"The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy.

'26 *Philadelphia Exposition — Babe Ruth "Sultan of Swat"—Gertrude Ederle swims Channel.*
"Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping.

'27 *Lindbergh's flight to Paris—Holland Tunnel opens—"Show Boat."*
"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche.

'28 *War outlawed by Kellogg-Briand pact—Hoover defeats Al Smith—First all-talking movie.*
"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder.

'29 *Stock market collapses—Vatican State created—"Amos 'n' Andy"—Byrd's Antarctic expedition.*
"All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Remarque.

'30 *Depression—Apple selling—Miniature golf—Maginot line begun.*
"Angel Pavement," by J. B. Priestley.

'31 *England suspends gold standard—Post and Gatty circle globe—Japan invades Manchuria—"The Green Pastures."*
"The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.

'32 *Franklin D. Roosevelt elected President — Technocracy — Bonus march — Contract Bridge — "Star Dust."*
"The Fountain," by Charles Morgan.

'33 *Bank Holiday — NRA — Hitler Chancellor—Chicago Fair.*
"Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

'34 *Dionne quintuplets—Dust storms—Townsend plan.*
"Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller.

'35 *Mussolini invades Ethiopia—WPA—Social Security Act.*
"Lost Horizon," by James Hilton.

'36 *Rome-Berlin axis—Revolution in Spain—Edward VIII abdicates—"You Can't Take It With You."*
"Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.

'37 *Sit-down strikes — Charlie McCarthy—Benny Goodman "King of Swing."*
"Northwest Passage," by Kenneth Roberts.

'38 *Munich pact: "Peace in our time" — Hurricanes — Disney's "Snow White"—Candid cameras—Bingo.*
"Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier.

'39 *New York World's Fair—Germany invades Poland — "Life with Father."*
"The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck.

'40 *Winston Churchill Prime Minister—Dunkerque — Selective Service Act—Roosevelt defeats Willkie.*
"Kitty Foyle," by Christopher Morley.

'41 *Lend-lease — "GI" — Germany invades Russia—Atlantic Charter—Pearl Harbor.*
"The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin.

'42 *Bataan — Corregidor — Midway—Guadalcanal.*
"The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas.

'43 *North Africa — Sicily — Italy — Tarawa.*
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith.

'44 *Rationing — D-Day — V-bombs — Paris liberated — Dumbarton Oaks—"Oklahoma!"*
"A Bell for Adano," by John Hersey.

'45 *Roosevelt dies—Germany surrenders—Hiroshima—Japan surrenders — United Nations — "One World."*
"The Black Rose," by Thomas B. Costain.

'46 *Veterans — Palestine — Strikes — Atomic Bomb.*
"David the King," by Gladys Schmitt.

Trade Winds tenders a vote of thanks to Miss Cole and Mr. Bailey, and declares nominations for the current year now in order.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

RELATIVITY gives time a new impact in theory, yet in human values time has always been one of the four dimensions and perhaps the first. The human notion of time is one of the most complicated things there is. It is at once malleable by us and entirely independent of us. It becomes a symbol of both permanence and disappearance, of comfort and of fear. It moves, it stands still. It is with us and against us. And to complete the confusion, it loops onto its own tail, making what is called in 1947, a vicious circle. (In 1948 it will be called a vicious circle, just to break the monotony.)

Travelers In Time, subtitled *Strange Tales of Man's Journeyings into the Past and the Future,* is a collection made up by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN, historical novelist, anthologist of the first water, and formerly chairman of the board which selected titles for the marvelous Editions for the Armed Services.

This fat book is divided into six logical sections, *Through The Clock, The Shape of Things to Come, The Past Revisited, When Time Stood Still, Time Out of Joint,* and *Visitors From Out of Time,* which speak for themselves. The list of stories encased in these hour glasses is as impressive as stories by H. G. Wells, Max Beerbohm, D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, Kipling, Thurber, Conan Doyle, J. B. Priestley, Fitzgerald, A. E. W. Mason and others can be.

There's no point in my talking about it, if you like anthologies, and who doesn't in summer when you have to scratch between stories, then pull up a mint julep. But remember, only one story to a sprig of mint.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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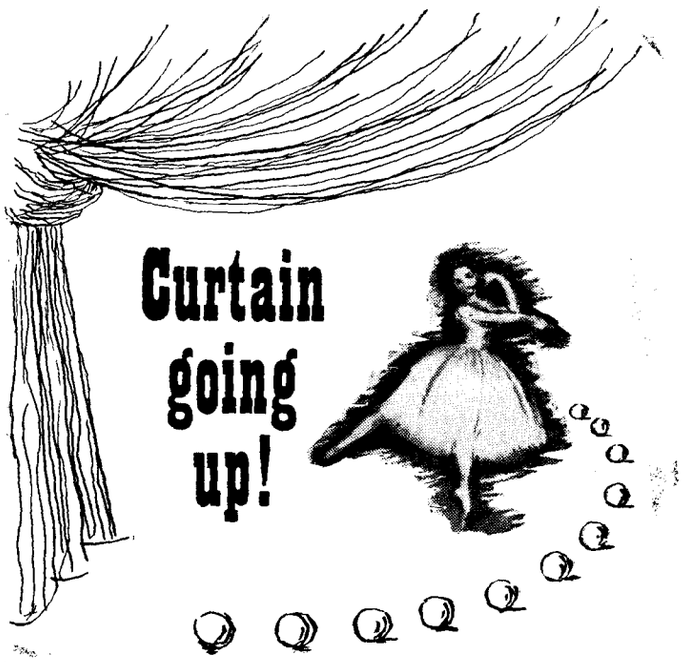

THE last-minute rustle of programs belonging to people who got there late—some quiet struggles against hats that turn four-eighty orchestra into dollar-twenty balcony—the tense quiet of a full house waiting for a curtain to rise—these add up to a strange kind of excitement. It's a little the feeling you get when there's a book you've been wanting to read and you finally have an evening to read it. Waiting for the curtain to rise is most like that moment before you open the book, or before you open a present or something brought from far away. When it goes up all the last-minute hushed noises are put away and quieted somewhere in the back of your mind and there is the present of three hours.

Maybe everyone goes through stages of regret about the past. In those minutes before the curtain, we used to be bitterly sorry that we had never seen Bernhardt or Duse. It didn't ever spoil the present pleasure of Le Gallienne or Cornell, but we disliked the particular properties of time that took Bernhardt away before we could get to her. We didn't weep, like Miniver Cheevy, but we read accounts of old performances, with the nice trappings of carriages drawn by students, and farewell performances in the great tradition, and all the old unhurried accoutrements of drama in gas light.

One of the unfortunate things about this kind of unsampled regret is that it never goes away completely. You never can be like the man in the original shaggy dog story who went through a thousand troubles to see the shaggiest dog in the world and, once his ambition was accomplished, remarked "Oh, he wasn't so shaggy." You can't ever disagree with a critic's estimate because you never can see what he criticized. It's a kind of nostalgia for the past that fits in nicely, with the glamour of footlights and old clipping books, and with some long-ago when you were scrubbed and taken to the matinee to see some great man you remember only as a name on a marquee.

Recently we've added regrets of the ballet to regrets of the drama, wishing we had seen those great figures of the dance who loom just on the horizon of the past; such names as Pavlova and Nijinsky in the classical ballet, and Isadora Duncan in a more personalized, interpretative, American dance. They're part of the beautiful people and it takes an expert hand with a pen or pencil to bring back some feeling of what they must have been once. If you look at lots and lots of pictures—paintings and sketches and photographs of them in the dance, practicing, performing, posing, you can get some indication of what they were like, and if you have a good eye for motion transposed you can almost imagine how they must have danced. If you like, you can compare critical opinions of their time about them with critical opinions of our time about dancers like Markova and Dolin. Vaslav Nijinsky and Anna Pavlova stay the Bernhardt and Irving of the ballet, but evaluating them along with fine dancers now gives nostalgia a small upper-cut, still remembering that Nijinsky and Pavlova brought the American people their first real awareness of the beauty of the dance as a formal art form. They deserve the regret we keep for art that has a lasting effect on us even though it no longer exists.

Isadora Duncan, although she wore flowing gowns, studied old Greek friezes, and read and studied the visions of William Blake, was in a sense our first American dancer, according to Paul Magriel, one of the editors of Dance Index. Mr. Magriel, who is a lively, dark-haired man with a tremendous interest in the dance, is presently engaged in editing a series of six books for us. Three of them have already been published and three are expected in 1948. They're all about some aspect of the dance, and they're being published in connection with The Ballet Society, Inc. We've never seen a more attractive set of monographs, or one with such rich gifts to offer the person who regrets not having seen the great dancers of twenty or thirty-odd years ago. The first volume, NIJINSKY, was published last December and we were out of stock in a matter of weeks. The following two volumes, ISADORA DUNCAN, and PAVLOVA have received the same sort of reception. These, and the remaining three books in the series, will have a uniform format and the kind of jacket art it's good to look at. "And why not?" asks our production man, who arranged to have Edgar Bohlman do them all.

Each of the volumes already published contains examples of the best criticism to appear on the particular artist. All of the books are overflowing with photographs showing the dancers in all their famous roles; in the casual, informal atmosphere of rehearsals; in the sometimes formal, sometimes informal, moments of private life. All have chronologies and bibliographies. They are books with the excitement of curtain time, and they are for all romantics who hold their breath at the recollection of a particular pas de deux.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

1947's Biggest Literary Anniversary

Cervantes's Quadricentennial Finds Him in Exile

By Garrett Mattingly

FOUR hundred years ago in the little Spanish university town of Alcala de Henares some twenty miles east of Madrid, the wife of an apothecary-surgeon gave birth to a son who was to become the most famous of his countrymen, the creator of the best-known pair of characters in all literature, and one of the best-loved writers of the modern world. Until he was nearly sixty, Miguel de Cervantes lived the life of tens of thousands of shabby Spanish gentlemen of his age: a soldier broken in the wars in which so many Spanish lives were broken, a petty official, an unsuccessful dramatist, a disappointed minor poet, obscure, neglected, unable to secure even the last refuge of the respectable failure, a post in the colonies, clinging desperately on the ragged edge of want. Had Cervantes died at the age Shakespeare died, fifty-two, or Molière, fifty-one, or Dante, fifty-six, one doubts whether he would be remembered now in more than a sentence in the most elaborate histories of Spanish literature. Then, at fifty-eight, in one leap, he stormed the heights of fame, and if we look for a name today to put beside his we think first of all of Shakespeare's, and are at a loss to find a third since Dante that would not seem a little dimmed in the company of those two.

No writer of the languages of modern Europe, certainly not Dante, not even Shakespeare, seems to contain and sum up his nation as Cervantes does; Dante belongs to the whole of medieval Christendom and Shakespeare to the Atlantic world, but Cervantes is peculiarly Spanish, and enters universal literature by virtue of his distinctive national flavor, so that "Don Quixote" remains the best of modern Spanish guide books, and the best essay ever written on the Spanish national character. Naturally a cult of scholarship has grown up around him in Spain, his life and writings have been investigated with the same zeal and patient, detailed industry that have been given to Shakespeare in England, to Goethe in Germany, to

Dante in Italy, and every lover of Spanish letters feels moved, at some time or other, to pay him tribute! Aubrey Bell, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of Iberian literature, mainly of Cervantes's time, and has written some of the best pages in English about it, has chosen this quadricentennial year as the occasion of his tribute, and paid it in the form of a book-length critical essay* based on an affectionate familiarity with the whole corpus of Cervantes's works.

MR. BELL'S initial proposition, that the only proper way to approach any major writer is to read with care every surviving word from his pen, is a little alarming, and he does not make it any less so by adding that "Cervantes, like Wordsworth, must be read entire." This is a hard saying. Most of us would take our ten lashes and pay our fine to Apollo and get it over with, rather than plough again through the whole of the "Excursion" or the whole of the "Galatea," and to be forbidden to enjoy

(*Continued on page* 25)

*CERVANTES. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1947. 256 pp. $3.

By Ramon Sender

THOUGH the fourth centenary of the birth of Cervantes is being celebrated in the rest of the world this year of 1947, it is by no means certain that it is to be celebrated in "Imperial" Spain—to judge by what Falangists have written on Cervantes. And if Spain—whose only remaining empire is that of the spirit of the language represented by Cervantes—does celebrate it, it will perhaps turn out to be a conditioned homage, that is, one calculated to put the Falangist academies in a ludicrous light. When a party, a social current, approaches a man like Cervantes and a work like the "Quixote," it cannot do so without running the risk of putting into evidence its own weaknesses. With regard to Cervantes, Spanish Fascists have shown that they feel compelled to deny the spirit of the Renaissance and to retreat to the Middle Ages, where they may find refuge against the risks of a civilization that everywhere flows past and surpasses them.

In that clichéd, pompous, sordid style which is an effect of sterility, the few Spanish writers remaining in Spain have reiterated that Cervantes is a liberal, democratic, decadent writer, lacking in nerve fiber, of doubtful "Hispanicity," and inimical to the spirit and interests of "Empire." Evidently Cervantes still awakens passion no more nor less than if he were a man of today. This is true because, spiritually, the world still lives in our day off the heritage of the Renaissance; and Cervantes represents the Spanish Renaissance in all its plenitude, namely, the triumph of free spirit, which is capable of interpreting man and the human and of discovering in him what might be academically styled "the constants of universality." Once again rash ignorance has, in taking the offensive, shown its true face.

But if contemporary Spain is eager to go back to the Middle Ages, and in many respects has already gone back (misery of the people, irresponsibility of the ruling classes, caste and mili-

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tary privileges), in one respect it can never succeed in recapturing that era. They are unaware that the power of the Middle Ages, its artistic wealth, its scientific currents, its cult of human action and grandeur embodied in the hero, were born precisely out of the rich, fertile, shifting depths of "medieval liberties." In that confused age moral values had not yet crystallized into interests nor had these, in turn, into criteria or laws. From the verses in which the Archpriest of Hita exalts women of short stature because "the sin is less for the object of sin being tiny," to the motley background of the "Celestina" where abjection and attributes of mystical religiosity are indifferently commingled; from the philosophy of Iben Tofail to that of Spinoza; from the alchemists to those who conjured by describing magical circles; from the peasants who took justice into their own hands against feudal masters to these self-same masters who refused to pay tribute to the king; from the Cid in battle alongside or against the Moors to some bishops who wrote pastorals in Arabic—the Middle Ages display that freedom of action which is indispensable to peoples and men in their creative moments. Out of these medieval liberties was born one of the greatest empires known to history, which with Philip II began its decline. When, from the Escorial, that somber monarch finished off the last of those liberties, he decreed the death of the Empire. Then appear Rojas, Cervantes, Calderón, Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, Quevedo, Gracián, Góngora, who create a new empire, an

—Illustrations by Gustave Doré from "Don Quixote."

empire of the spirit; this they do precisely in the light of the dying gleams of the fast-receding medieval liberties. The most noble monument of that time is the "Quixote." The fascists deny that monument in the belief that they can thereby repudiate the whole Renaissance. But their attempt to find refuge in the Middle Ages is their mistake, since it is from the ferment of its liberties that the humanism of the Renaissance and of "Don Quixote" emerged. In this as in so many other things, the Fascists have been badly misinformed.

IT IS occasionally said that Spain is a one-book country; this with reference to "Don Quixote." Such a statement is an affirmation of ignorance. Not only can Spain boast more epochal books than any other modern culture, but also that from Castile have issued forth the themes, myths, and, in many cases, the already-crystallized types of literary imagery utilized by the rest of the world. Where is the cradle of the Cid, Don Juan, Don Quixote, the Pícaro (be his name Pablos de Valladolid or Guzman de Alfarache)? Where did English and French Romanticism—to say nothing of the German variety, in the person of Schiller—find its cloak-and-dagger heroes, real parricides, love-mad queens, grotesque and heroic hidalgos, and popular heroines? And where is the birthplace of Calixto, Segismundo, Pedro Crespo, and hundreds of heroes of anonymous popular poetry, whose influence on modern poets whether Spanish or otherwise is so important? What other country possesses a treasurehouse like that of the "Romancero"? All languages have taken over generic names from our literature; whence, *picaro* is picaro in English, French, German, etc.; and *conquistador* is conquistador in all languages, as well as *hidalgo*, carried over unchanged. We could cite dozens of names, each of which represents a literary type, perfectly defined and incorporated into the common treasure of humanity. As for the "Quixote," it has wrought a unique miracle, efficacious to our day: for three centuries it has made Spaniards familiar to all other men, whatever their race or creed. It is indeed an example apart. Since the universal Englishman is not to be recognized in Hamlet (who, in any case, was not British), nor the Frenchman in Gargantua, nor—much less—the German in Faust. On the other hand, Don Quixote is the eternal Spaniard. Don Quixote has, in a sense, brought to all the hearths of the earth something of the Castilian bread and oil, the soldier's wine, the monk's cloth, the Manchegan solitude, and the smiling sadness or melancholy gaiety of Spaniards. He has made us kin to all men through a noble relationship: humor, and through a solemn one: fatalism. These two conjoined make it possible to smile on a higher plane than that of disillusionment; and are perhaps capable of nourishing a higher faith than that of the ideal. We say this last with not only Cervantes in mind, but also with Santa Teresa, Miguel de Molinos, and many others.

Outside Spain, Cervantes and Don Quixote are more unanimously loved than in Spain. Dostoievsky and Turgeniev, Heine and Goethe, Verlaine and Victor Hugo, all have written about Cervantes pages charged with a mature melancholy. Ticknor wrote that nobody else, not even Shakespeare, makes greater demands on a more complex and rare understanding in us. Shelley said that no other writer in the world has so successfully awakened pity and admiration together. Schlegel calls Cervantes "di-

vine." The English critic, John Bailey, in his "Continuity of Letters" wonders what in England or France can be compared with Cervantes's magnificent prose, so impregnated with the accent of universality, which is the accent of immortality itself. He goes on to assert that every book of his time in France and England pales by contrast; and that if More, Bacon, and Hooker, along with Rabelais and Montaigne, have personal qualities unachieved by Cervantes, they do not, on the other hand, succeed in speaking directly to adult and child, rich and poor, scholar and minstrel. James Russell Lowell reminds us that we must not forget that Cervantes, whose personal life was a failure, restored, gave back to Spain the empire that its kings had destroyed. Brander Matthews remarks in one of his essays that compared to the delicate greatness of the "Quixote," the works of Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Chaucer are but minor caricatures and masquerades. Professor Walter Raleigh calls the "Quixote" "the wisest book in the world." As a universal genius, Cervantes is universally understood and beloved. As a Spanish genius, he remains an object of debate in his own country—and the council of bloodstained asses that the Falange is, has sought to repudiate him.

IT HAS been stated by some poet that genius is obliged to give battle to all his own people and win. Cervantes is still battling Spain. The French, according to Gracián, are a people who "confound glory and vainglory." But they sometimes reveal a keen scent for literary quality,

(*Continued on page 26*)

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Carneravorous Fight Racketeers

THE HARDER THEY FALL. By Budd Schulberg. New York: Random House. 1947. 343 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GENE TUNNEY

IN THIS BOOK on boxing the author gives us a press agent's account of his experiences in one of the great modern pugilistic odysseys. It is supposed to be a story of the fabulous career of one Toro Molina. Toro Molina is a giant heavyweight from the Argentine. Because of the libel laws, it would be hard for the publishers to produce it as the career of Primo Carnera. The story parallels the history of Carnera's career so much it is not hard for a reader acquainted with the Carnera story to recognize the 265-pound Italian as the principal. Carnera had only a fair percentage of phony victories in his record, while Molina had all phonies but one, the last.

The book is very cleverly written and at all times is brilliant, witty, and amusing. As a reflector of the prize-ring gentry, it is far more accurate than most modern writers have been in their numerous works on the subject. With all its cynicism, humor, and wit, it still contains enough pathos to equal Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers," and it has the practicability of "Fifty Grand."

Toro Molina was discovered in the small town of Santa Maria in the Argentine by a circus entrepreneur named Luis Acosta in about the same way that Primo Carnera was discovered by Leon See, the French boxing and circus manager and promoter. Luis Acosta, however, is a much more alert and imaginative fraud, whose venality was equal to the industry of his loose tongue. Mr. Schulberg makes a very interesting and pathetic figure of Señor Acosta, and through the skill of his art, lets him talk for twenty or thirty pages on his discovery of Toro without boring the reader. As a matter of fact, the soliloquy never drops from a high plane of amusement.

The press agent, who is the narrator, Eddie Lewis, a Princeton man and scion of an old Pennsylvania family, shows how a weak man with intelligence and a little conscience can sell his soul for soft money. He refers to himself as a heel, which he is, and while he deserved to lose Beth, the prim, intellectual daughter of a New England college professor, he certainly did not deserve the warm embrace of the old madame procuress at the end of his villainy. Of course, to follow out the Carnera pattern, Toro Molina and his discoverer, Luis

—*Virginia F. Stern.*

Budd Schulberg's is not "the kind of book you would want to send Junior to read at summer camp."

Acosta, have to fall into the hands of Nick (The Eye) Latka, who seems to me to be a composite of several influential present-day leaders of the fight business, one of whom has an unlimited monopoly. Nick Latka controls the fight racket "because Nick lived in a mysterious world of secret tips and special favors, a two-way street of silk-monogram intrigue that could lead from the crudest gin mill to the smartest house in Sutton Place." When explaining his philosophy of life to Eddie Lewis, he said:

> When we used to jimmy those penny machines, for instance, you know, peanuts, chewing gum, hell, we was always getting caught. Then I got the idea of mugging the collector who went from one machine to another every Friday, emptying out the coin boxes. It was safer to get him on his way back to the office at night, and hit the jackpot, than it was to work those machines over in broad daylight and pick up a few pennies. That's what I mean. If you got to think, think big. What the hell, it don't cost you nothing to think. So why think fifty grand when you can think a hundred and fifty grand?

The day following his defeat for the heavyweight championship of the world, while he lay suffering in a hospital with brain shock and a broken jaw, and after he had earned in purses close to a million dollars, Toro Molina was advised by the press agent acting for Nick Latka that he had exactly $49.07 to take his battered hulk back to Santa Maria. Nick thought big in both larceny and brutality.

"The Harder They Fall" is a story about certain elements in the boxing racket. The title, I believe, is taken from the famous remark of Bob Fitzsimmons, then world's champion, who, upon being told that his next opponent, James J. Jeffries, was a big, strong youngster, said: "The bigger they are the 'arder they fall." It is a vulgar book about vulgar people, but the vulgarity of this book is highly amusing, and I confess that I did not get the full significance of its gems of wit and sustained amusement until the second reading. However, in my opinion, the story, good though it is, unfairly presents the boxing writers from coast-to-coast as a group of unimaginative stooges waiting for news hand-outs and free drinks. This is a criticism of the story not necessarily made in their defense. They are able to defend themselves.

Ruby, Nick's wife, comes in for a real going over. Mrs. Latka was figuratively lifted out of the chorus of George White's "Scandals" to marry him because of her apparent respectability. Shortly after the marriage, she seemed to fall into an easy pattern of going to church every Sunday and cuckolding Nick from Monday through Friday. Her only desire seemed to be sex, no matter how perverted. The book would certainly not have suffered had the scene between Ruby and the young boxer, Jackie Miles, been deleted from the text, though this is clever writing.

The author has an apparent sympathy for the victims of the boxing racket, the poor mugs that go in to have their faces bashed in and mental balances upset for the enrichment of promoters and managers. He writes understandingly about their problems and seems on the whole quite accurate in presenting their side of the case. It is true that the majority of "careerists" do wind up behind the eight-ball one way or another. They are broke in purse or spirit, betrayed by their friends, and forgotten by their fans.

Charles, the philosophic bartender in Mickey Walker's saloon on Eighth Avenue, across from Madison Square Garden, in opining the decline and fall of the great game said:

> I see them all in this place; grifters, chiselers, two-bit gamblers, big-time operators with small-time minds, managers who'd rather see their boys get killed than make an honest living and boxers who've taken so many dives they've got hinges on their knees. In the old days, sir, it was a rough game but it had some . . . some character to it, some dignity. A man squared off for his own pride in those days. He was an athlete.

Charles, like a good many followers of the fancy, is in love with ring lore. Through Charles, the author idealizes

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the men who fought the bloody ring contest for the romance of it. He says there is too much money involved for promoters, managers, and fighters these days. He might be right.

Bulwer Lytton writing 100 years ago about the people and conditions of the London prize ring of his day and comparing them with that of Pompeii, 1,800 years earlier, wrote:

> So have we seen at this day the beardless flutterers of the saloons of London thronging around the heroes of the Fivescourt; — so have we seen them admire, and gaze, and calculate a bet: — so have we seen them meet together, in ludicrous yet in melancholy assemblage, the two extremes of civilized society, — the patrons of pleasure and its slaves — vilest of all slaves — at once ferocious and mercenary; male prostitutes, who sell their strength as women their beauty; beasts in act, but baser than beasts in motive, for the last, at least, do not mangle themselves for money!

The beasts are like bartender Charlie's gladiators, they fought for the sheer love of it.

"The Harder They Fall" is the best book on fighting that I have read since Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." Everyone who follows boxing, either through the sports pages or radio broadcasting, will want to read it, but I suggest that it not be sent to the uninitiated; nor is it the kind of book you would want to send junior to read during his spare hours at summer camp. It certainly won't make any enthusiasts among thoughtful boys for a professional boxing career. Like "Cashel Byron's Profession," which was a vehicle for expounding the social reforms of the twenty-four-year-old Shaw, "The Harder They Fall" is a vehicle employed by Mr. Schulberg to bring about reforms and possibly shatter what might seem to him romantic foibles.

The pathos of the poor, battered moron turning his back and groaning to the wall as he was informed that his cut was $49.07 will live with me a long time; so will my amazement at the intimate knowledge of the prize-ring racket that the author has accumulated.

Tattooed Portraits

HELLBOX. By John O'Hara. New York: Random House. 1947. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

MOST of the twenty-six stories which comprise "Hellbox" have appeared in *The New Yorker*. Written in the abrupt, bony, close-mouthed prose with which O'Hara muffles his social comment, they foregather a little uncomfortably in book form. An O'Hara story has a way of standing out like tattooing in Harold Ross's magazine, and a quick glance at a swatch of dialogue any place on the page is usually enough to identify one of his stories, without looking at the end for his name. Taken one by one, with a week or two in between, they seem to me to be at their best, but I have had, and still have, the feeling that O'Hara's stories don't bind well. When they are lined up, as they are here, the pattern begins to show a little, the diameter appears not so great as you thought you remembered, and the impact of the stories, almost always at the end, sets up a bumpy rhythm.

I don't think "Hellbox" stands up well beside "Pipe Night," and there are stories in both books which I like very much, and some which I don't like at all. Anyway, whatever I say, he is a damned interesting writer, and more. As Lionel Trilling has said:

> He knows, and persuades us to believe, that life's deepest intentions may be expressed by the angle at which a hat is worn, the pattern of a necktie, the size of a monogram, the pitch of a voice, the turn of a phrase of slang, a gesture of courtesy and the way it is received.

I copied that from the jacket of "Hellbox" and it is true of O'Hara's writing and he owes a great deal, almost all that is good in his writing, to that especial ability. But sometimes he gives you that especial ability and not a hell of a lot else. His ear is matchless; I don't know of a better, he has a merciless, absolutely thorough eye, and a way of making you feel you know him through his stories, without ever barging in on them. When he is good, which he is very often, he is superb: he hits you where you live, and makes the story stay with you. But when he is not, when most of the work is left up to his eye and ear, and he tries to parlay them into a story, he can be as bad as he can be good. Sometimes he overestimates the ductile strength of a situation and it breaks before it threads, and then you have all that wonderful fidelity of dialogue and highly selective, evocative detail piled on something which buckles beneath it. At least that's the way I felt about "Like Old Times," in which two people sit in a night-club and speculate about five other people at another table in the same club, and "Conversation in the Atomic Age," in which a Los Angeles society woman chatters vicious gossip to a bored man, other than the reader. I don't know what would have happened to that story if the title hadn't stuck by it through thin and thin.

O'Hara can do stories which are essentially portraits and do them beautifully—and I am thinking of some right now, in "Hellbox": "Common Sense Should Tell You," of a Hollywood Big Shot whose compulsive hedonism is destroying him and he knows it; and "Pardner"—a marvelous picture of a cynical adolescent who wants to be a cowboy (I am asking Santa Claus for "Pardner" for Christmas); and "The Decision," about an immobilized doctor, and "Drawing Room B," a non-publicity picture of a falling movie star. These, and a few others, I like a great deal. To show you, for instance, how O'Hara can light up a scene with a single, simple word, read this: "The radio was tuned in to an all-night recorded program, and the man at the good upright piano was playing the tunes that were being broadcast." Now read that again and leave "good" out. All through his writing O'Hara does things like this—a word or a phrase will turn the light on, so that you know almost immediately what is going on, because you have been given the precise, economical information. This is what he can do better than anyone else around now, and when the material lives up to it, as it does in the best of his stories, and there are some in "Hellbox," his importance becomes so clear, his comment so admirable and unanswerable, that you find yourself arrogantly asking, insisting, that he never do less than his best.

—*C. S. Pujol.*

"You find yourself arrogantly asking, insisting that John O'Hara never do less than his best."

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Publisher's Eye View

JOHN FARRAR

WITH publishers, authors' agents, conductors of radio programs, writers of many varieties including the advertising, theatrical reviewers, magazine editors, etc. etc., more and more becoming material for fiction, the temptation to ramble around the fringes of "Wife's Eye View"* has overcome me. T. E. Doremus's youthful "Flaw Dexter" and Richard Mealand's "Let Me Do the Talking," dealing with high-flying literary agency politics, will soon be published, and Mary Roberts Rinehart's new novel is said to deal with publisher and editor and nary a murder. And others, either in type or in work, are progressing toward publication.

(Do you remember the late Leslie Howard's charming portrayal of the publisher in Philip Barry's "Paris Bound"? How far a cry it is from that tasteful gossamer opus to the scarlet and purple warp-and-woof of "The Hucksters"!)

One could speculate for pages on the reasons why the literary marketplace today (and indeed the whole world of purveyors of entertainment) has become so popular as a background for the yarn-spinners. Is it because we are intrinsically fascinating, or because we have over-exploited ourselves, or because we furnish an obvious example of the soul struggling between art and commerce? It is difficult to say why; but the books are appearing and as they appear many questions rise in the mind.

There is the question, and an important one to the publisher and the author, as to how much of their craft and its exploitation lie in the entertainment world and how much in the sturdier air, say, of education, or call it inspiration if you like. Here one could discuss the art for art's sake motif, the intrusion of the movie and the radio, the influence of the lecture platform, and what is entertainment anyhow? Can a publisher exist on "books as entertainment" alone as a slogan? Indeed, should a publisher worthy of the name notice so vulgar an object as a slogan, even in his dreams? Or if he does, admit it?

Much could be said, too, of that subtle difference between the exploitation of authors and the merchandising of their books, in an understanding of which lies, I believe, the answer to many of the problems of today's publishing. Shortly before his death, that great and uncompromising man Max Perkins told me how deeply he was troubled by some of the manifestations of this conflict, to which he felt we must find an answer for our survival's sake. I recall, too, a pause during a stroll up Fifth Avenue, when a prominent bank official (himself a reformed author of a sudden best seller) asked Frank Dodd which was more important in the book-publishing business, editorial acumen or merchandising sense. Mr. Dodd pointed out the obvious, that one must select books in order to publish them: but to go on publishing them, one must sell them. He added, however, that when both abilities are combined, and he cited William H. Heinemann as an example, one has the truly great publisher.

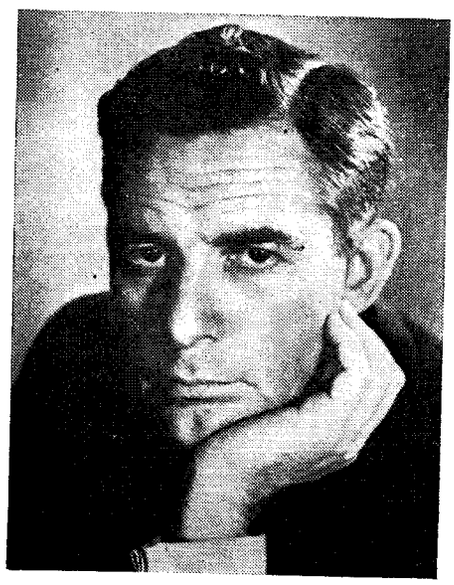
And what, all in all, is the ideal relation between author and publisher—or is there, perhaps, no rule for a relation where the creator must live in wedlock or sin with the merchant, and where the characteristics of both are often so delicately interchangeable? Is it then Dr. Jung or Mr. Gallup that the author and publisher needs most as advisor? Or both?

None of this speculation is far afield from Sophie Kerr's knowledgeable book; but let's back-track to the main theme of her story, that most pleasant and most painful task, the care and feeding of the creator of the sudden gigantic best seller, the handling of his family, his friends, and his public. (In this connection, I recommend as supplementary reading the chapter in Irwin Edman's "Philosopher's Quest," titled "America's Own Philosopher"—the tale of a mild professor catapulted to fame and best-sellerdom by a former student. The student, you see, had become a famous public relations counsel. Irwin Edman, himself, is a strong character. Were this not so, as "Philosopher's Quest" mounts on the bestseller lists, might he not find himself ironically hoist by his own satire?)

IN RECOUNTING the adventures of Rockby Challett, Sophie Kerr has used her observation of the magazine and book world, which she knows as both editor and author, to pose all of the problems and manifestations: the photographers, the interviewers; the demanding and impoverished relative; the ladies who understand better than the wife; the lion-hunters, the lecture agents, the lure of the movies, the

"Louis Bromfield must become a FARMER, as well as a NATIONAL FIGURE."

"Ellen Glasgow . . . a wicked wit . . . could handle her own inconsistencies."



"Phil Wylie was born a hell-and-damnation preacher, not a writer per se."

* *WIFE'S EYE VIEW. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 280 pp. $2.50.*

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whole business of "becoming a personage." It is all there, including the hero's shocking frankness at the stupendous prize dinner.

The author has stacked her cards, in "Wife's Eye View," by giving Mr. Challet a wife with sense, and she has also, I believe, taken the easiest course in choosing a male as a prototype rather than a female, at least so far as the domestic resolution of her story is concerned. I may be wrong, but it is my impression that when the literary comet wears skirts, the non-literary husband is apt to be thrown off into the open sky, or burned to a crisp as he whizzes along in the incandescent trail.

SO WHAT should publisher and author do when faced by one of these miracles of success?

The first rule is to find for the newly-made celebrity a secretary-companion who has sense and taste and who isn't afraid to cross the author and his appendages in the way of family. Then, with the aid of this paragon, to try as hard as possible to approximate all former states of mind, habits of work, religious and marital affiliations, manners, oddities, and even diseases. Copies of Kipling's "If" should be hung in every room where there is the possibility of work being done, and the subject should be plunged without any hesitation into whatever new piece of writing is contemplated.

A publisher's stake in this author, or in any author, is in the long pull through the years. The best publisher publishes *authors*, not *books*, thinks of the pattern of his new list and the strengthening and freshening of his back list. Sudden and over-exploitation can wreck and block an author completely, and for a variety of reasons. Fame comes with violence and speed in these days of radio, mass interviews, and airborne lecturers—and the recessions from it are also speedier than in the old days. Therefore, it is even more important this year than it was last year to protect the ewe lamb.

Making a living by the pen is a precarious and harrowing performance. My partners and I depend upon the ladies and gentlemen who do so, and I don't intend to bite their fingers or rap their knuckles. I'd rather work in harness with authors than with any group of human beings I know or I wouldn't have been so obstinate about sticking to publishing. Their courage and wisdom under adversity are extreme. However, under the banner of success, they are no stronger than the rest of their fellow beings.

I should like to write a whole pamphlet to be given to successful

authors on the achievement of their success. The dangers are not only without but within. The author, himself, must take a balanced attitude toward his ravenous and, I confess, sometimes ridiculous public. He must give them their vitamins as well as take his own. He mustn't hate his admirers; but he also should not be swayed by them. Sophie Kerr's Rock-by Challet started off by revolting and then was almost captured by the overwhelming blanket of flattery.

One could give specific rules like:

1. Don't lecture unless you're good at it and enjoy it.
2. Don't lecture if you enjoy it too much.
3. Don't buy real estate until you've thought about it for forty-eight hours.
4. Don't too suddenly improve the physical conditions in which you work and live.
5. Don't give opinions on subjects of which you know nothing, or perhaps more simply, don't give opinions.
7. Don't buy pets, if you haven't been in the habit of owning pets. (This applies particularly to love birds and Great Danes.)

This could go on forever. Most dangerous, however, are two possible results. The one, implicit in numbers four and five above, that the author, on his own or even sometimes urged on by his publisher, forgets that he's a writer and thinks of himself as an AUTHOR, or even, alas, sometimes as a personage, and at the same time makes gaudy or more luxurious the trappings of his life. (To be sure this can also happen to a successful publisher.) The other is that his work may lose in character and quality, which usually results either from his taking himself too seriously or from his suddenly not taking himself seriously enough. In these matters, it is perhaps impossible for anyone to help with precept or even suggestion. Strength of character has carried many a fine figure of an author through the halls of fame without damage either to his body or his soul.

The temptation to become oracular is human, and everything conspires to lay traps. This is actually more dangerous than the cheese-cake motif in literary circles (a harmless and trivial carry-over from burlesque) for no matter how much we undrape and play up the fine physiques of our lady and gentleman writers, ultimately the public will discover that it really doesn't give a damn what its favorite author looks like. Start a Powers Model line of books (with or without ghost-writers); the public might well elect as "Miss Bestseller 1950" some mature dame, sans figure but with character.

I'm not talking about author's idiosyncrasies. Booth Tarkington liked to captain a small yacht violently through the choppy waters off Kennebunkport—dangerous only if his friends and publishers weren't good sailors! If Kenneth Roberts wants to get interested in straighter history than the history in his novels, and the way beans are cooked, there's no harm; but I find some of his other opinions dull, and I do hope, for Doubleday's sake, that he never goes into politics. Clarence Budington Kelland is one of my favorite light authors, but I've often wished that both he and Howard Fast would stick to writing. Louis Bromfield is somewhat different. He has always been a changeling. Even when he was young his every motion took on significance. He couldn't possibly be contented with just a small farm. He must become a FARMER, as well as a NATIONAL FIGURE. Phil Wylie was born a hell-and-damnation preacher, not a writer per se. However, it takes very little to kill the goose, and the artist whether interested in art or the gold that results, or both, can rapidly change from soft shirts to stuffed. Watch out, too, that he doesn't become a boiled owl—and so far as I have ever heard, those birds don't lay golden eggs, nor boiled ones either.

It is the quality of the work that matters, and the maintaining or improvement of that quality is what is most important to the publisher and to the author himself—whether he writes in the Joycean, the Winsorian, or the Marquandian manner. From a hard-boiled merchandising point of view, it is just as vital that the writer of successful popular type fiction (I refuse to call it trash) keep on an

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Marriage of Life and Death

PROTHALAMIUM: A CYCLE OF THE HOLY GRAAL. By Philip Toynbee. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 127 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

PHILIP TOYNBEE is not the first writer to be caught in the golden spell of mythology. Nor will he be the last to write a modern morality tale around the quest of the Pearl of Egypt or Golden Grail. Still, he may well be the first to choose for his stage a London drawing room and for his players seven people at a tea party. And with all due respect to the stimulative effect of that delicate beverage, it is doubtful whether tea has ever before induced among a group of ordinary mortals such an exciting interplay of conscious and unconscious thoughts, such provocative ideas, teetering on the brink of hope and despair, life and death. Three-quarters of the credit must go to Mr. Toynbee's exquisite writing, erudition, and ambition to write a parable for our times. The other quarter rests with the reader and what he may bring from his heart and conscience to this challenging allegory.

We are all familiar with the legend of the Holy Grail; how it was brought to Britain but disappeared in time when its keepers became impure. But Sir Galahad was one knight who proved worthy of achieving the quest. Sir Galahad, the pure in heart, appears to be among the missing today. Philip Toynbee, with courage and intelligence, goes seeking him in an English drawing room. And the fact that he does find his shining knight in such an unexpected place should be reward enough, even to those who would have preferred a more simple tale sans stream-of-consciousness passages and soliloquies.

On the surface, Toynbee's cozy little gathering hardly appears to be the kind which moves or shakes the world. The circle consists of Tom ("Airgun"), the athlete, sprinting under glacial skies, doctor, explorer; Max ("Weeper"), sickly elder brother, scholar, seeking his babyhood in the antique glories of that land which Plato and Plotinus saw—both of whom are in love with Daisy Tillett ("Muffit"), the bonny bride and "Maiden of the Resurrection"; her brother Noel ("Ariel") young, beautiful, and enigmatic; Mrs. Goodman ("Womb") the hostess, a decent lady in tweeds who keeps highland heather in her room; Father Morton and Charles Parsley ("Nuncle and his Fool"), a diseased priest and his blasphemous, satanic buffoon of a bastard son; and Miss Black ("Aradia"), frustrated, spinsterly evangelist. All is well until a teacup breaks and a shadow falls upon the company. The air is suddenly charged by "diabolical agencies and preternatural forces." This northern drawing room is the universe. These people now see each other in the distorted vision of their own fears and needs. The span between birth and death, all the shame, despair, conflict, is lived within the time of the guests' arrival and departure. Not only are these desperate mortals doomed to dance the opposite of everything they wished, but they are blind to God, the dancing youth in their midst who has sacrificed himself. He, who could teach them to dance "the Butterfly, the Morning and the Sun," laughs as he watches them flirting with death. For Max must dance back into "the savage tomb of his birth," and Tom dances "the wooden martial gestures of the dragon-killer," while Father Morton tempts all to follow as he persuasively steps towards the grave of the world. Yet there is to be a wedding. Joy awaits the chosen bridegroom. The prothalamium is but the mythical ritual song preparing the nuptial bliss. The cycle of life must go on, the circle's end shall be married again to its beginning. Only he who has learned in the nick of time to bend his will to human love may kneel to the "Holy Graal." Who, as "the blind agent of life renewed," finally takes Daisy unto him as bride in the "Marriage of Life and Death"? Max? Tom? The answer is well worth a reading of the book.

—*Vogue Studios.*

"Philip Toynbee's little gathering hardly appears to be the kind which moves or shakes the world."

The Seamier Side of Priesthood

PRINCE OF DARKNESS AND OTHER STORIES. By J. F. Powers. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS volume of short stories brings a new American writer of real distinction—new in the sense that though his work in such outlets as *Accent* and "Cross Section" has already won him critical respect, this is his first complete book. He is a writer of short stories, *tranches de vie* of the sort that many readers encounter most often, perhaps, in the more serious fiction in *The New Yorker*, although some of the best of these are longer than the space *The New Yorker* allows. Nearly all of these stories take place among priests, or at least have a priest for a central character. It seems plain that in recording these conversations in presbyteries and monasteries, and in the studies of monsignori where simple priests are had on the carpet, Mr. Powers knows what he is writing about. He is, one feels certain, a Roman Catholic; but he has the virtue which in these days of controversy has become a rare one in writers of that communion—he is neither a determined and conscious apologist for the Church of Rome, nor blindly revolting against her.

This shows chiefly in the characters of the priests who are his subjects. Sometimes they are in a minor degree heroic, like the one in "The Trouble" who goes to his black parishioners in the midst of a race riot. Sometimes they are capable of a painfully clear self-judgment, like the old, dying Franciscan who had refused to journey to see his brother when he, too, was dying, as a mortification of the affections; but now he wonders how much of his motive was spiritual pride and physical laziness. But they are not often heroic, nor usually clear-sighted, any more than laymen. That phrase "any more than laymen" is the *clou* of the book. Protestants are apt to pay the Church of Rome the back-handed compliment of so far accepting her supernatural claims that they expect all priests to be saints and are shocked to learn that they are not; but a real bred-in-the-bone Catholic accepts the state of things as it is. Mr. Powers knows that

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priests are still men, that there will be some ambitious, some lazy, some quarrelsome, some easy-going; that they will worry about money, and a lot of them will desire preferment and play at least mild politics for it and feel disappointed in life when they don't get it. But if Mr. Powers is without illusions, it is even more true that he is without cynicism. He writes for the most part of the seamier side of the priesthood, of curates in large, poor city parishes, living three and four together in rickety presbyteries; and yet most of them are trying to do their best for their parishioners and themselves at the same time, even if they sometimes get pretty humanly discouraged about the whole business. The tone of the book is always dry, sometimes tart, but never bitter. The tone and style can indeed only be shown by quotation. To go back to the deathbed reflections of the Franciscan in "Lions, Harts, Leapings Does":

> He watched himself mounting the pulpit of a metropolitan church, heralded by the pastor as the renowned Franciscan father sent by God in His goodness to preach this novena—like to say a little prayer to test the microphone, Father?—and later reading through the petitions to Our Blessed Mother, cynically tabulating the pleas for a Catholic boy friend, drunkenness banished, the sale of real estate, and coming furiously upon one: 'that I'm not pregnant.' And at the same church on Good Friday carrying the crucifix along the communion rail for the people to kiss, giving them the indulgence, and afterwards in the sacristy wiping the lipstick of the faithful from the image of Christ crucified.

That is the tone of the book. It may displease some of the unco' guid among Catholics and Protestants alike, but the real agnostic and the real Catholic will welcome this expert picture of a novel world and the literary connoisseur will find a book which at its best will remind him of "Dubliners."

The Web

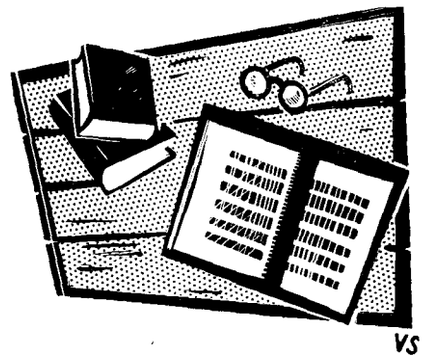
By Marcia Lee Anderson

THE web my days are spinning
Shines white:
A dark involved beginning
Winds into light.

O intricate design,
Arachnid art!
Which knotted filmy line
Sprang from the heart?

And which was alien spun
To haunt the air?
The web in joy begun
Is grown a snare.

Tapestry in Chiaroscuro



IS MORNING SURE? By Laura Benét. New York: The Odyssey Press. 1947. 64 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

THIS volume, perhaps not so even in quality as Laura Benét's three earlier books of poetry, neverthless goes deeper in its best work. There are some very fine poems here, notably "The Companion," "Sixty Seconds," "New York Dawn" (would it have been better to omit the last stanza?), "The Crown," "Any Soldier," "Dream," and "A Stranger."

She has expert and lucid compression, as in "Middle Age":

> The herbal wood holds memory's dove,
> Rings multiply on aging trees,
> Sweating desire one's soul to prove
> Sinks into hermit's musing ease.

She has fine and satisfying language, as revealed by "Felicity's Meadow":

> Yet was her meadow changed. She could not muster
> Belief in such insidious wizardry—
> As fall winds came with winter in their bluster
> Under a threatening and opaque sky . . .

Miss Benét has often been known for the fanciful and almost legendary quality of her verse, for the tapestry-like depiction of animal and myth and child. But one cannot help feeling that in the darker, deeper, and more truly discerning work she is at her best. It is her able grace in narration which makes for success in the lighter treatments:

> Since life decrees that all things grow
> According to their own design,
> Require not of a meek hedgerow
> The virtue of a climbing vine . . .

This accompanies her into places more profound, as in "Sixty Seconds":

> Light minute, strung on golden wires,
> Delicate as antennaed nerve,
> With what velocity you serve
> To flash the subterranean fires!

"A Stranger," one of the strongest in the book, is another which carries a seemingly unnecessary stanza at the end; I make bold to omit it here:

> Here stands in grotesque garments, one
> Whom suns have traveled to create,
> Slow-crawling cells fought for and won
> In misty caverns inchoate.
>
> Within him ticks a little heart,
> A little mind. Dread memories keep
> His acts from being wholly blind,
> His being desperately asleep.
>
> Some fringe of the benignant skies
> Grazed him when consciousness began,
> Upon amazing scenes new eyes
> Fed long ere he became a man.
>
> Now tunneled subway, glib machine
> Claim him: to sordidness is bowed
> Spirit whose heritage has been
> The essence of a flaming cloud.

A Fig for a Farm

ACRES AND PAINS. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 126 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HOWARD CUSHMAN

SINCE Adam started delving,
And Eve went in for spinning,
A billion Adams more or less
Have jettisoned their happiness
For life among the watercress.
Now Perelman's had his inning.

A sucker he where sucks the bee,
A mutton ripe for shearing,
Our laddie flopped in Nature's arms
Among the Pennsylvania farms,
To find that lady's ample charms
More costly than endearing.

The Perelman gates were open,
The Perelman heart was ticking
For all who'd come and take a look
Upon the purling Perelman brook.
But oh, the Perelman pocketbook,
It took an awful licking!

Alas, for country plumbing.
Alack, for nosey neighbors.
Alackaday for hired hands
Deficient in their working glands,
And hired girls on one-night stands—
A fig for all their labors.

How doth the city slicker
Gain wisdom to his sorrow. . . .
What's that? You love the countryside?
Come, cast your eyes on Perelman's Pride.
For two figs, brother, certified,
The place is yours tomorrow!

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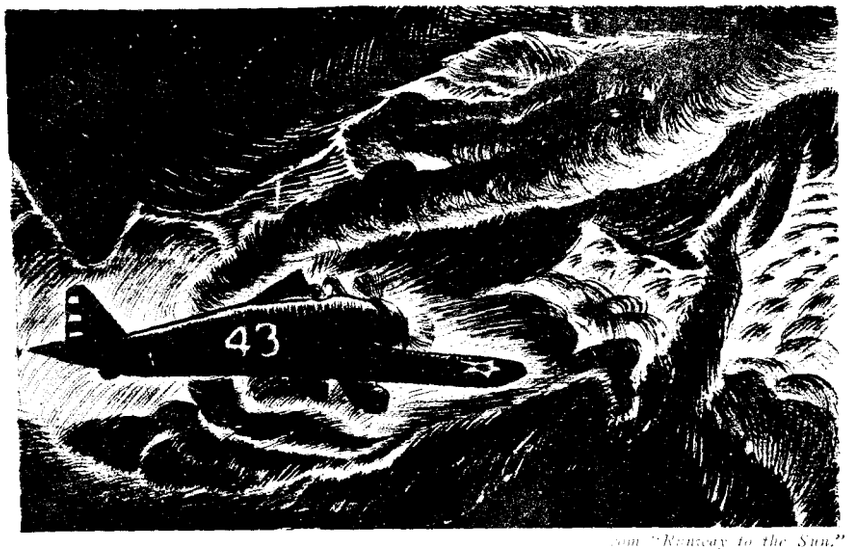

from "Runway to the Sun."

Pandora's Box on Wings

THE RIGHT TO FLY. By John C. Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 380 pp. $5.

Reviewed by
HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON

THE inescapable reaction of this reader on completing "The Right to Fly," by John C. Cooper, with its pessimistic conclusions as regards global aviation and world peace, is that the Wright Brothers did not do mankind a favor when they put wings, engines, and propellers on their box-kite, made it fly, and called it an airplane—when in reality their device was a Pandora's Box on wings; a box crammed with devices which, in time, would inflict winged death and airborne destruction on a world-wide basis. Mr. Cooper contends that the 1919 makers of the Treaty of Versailles, through their fruitless attempt to limit German air power by restricting German air operation, plus their absolute failure to deprive Germany of control over the air space within Hunland's boundaries, made a strategic key error in the entire European air control setup for the years to follow. He adds that Germany and Russia were the chief beneficiaries of the 1919 recognition of nationalistic domain over air space, which he identifies as the basic pattern in a nation's right to fly.

The author points out that air power, primarily, is the ability and/or capacity of a nation to fly; that it is not merely air forces made up of military planes. His concept of air power is the concept held by Billy Mitchell more than a quarter of a century ago, namely, that air power is air transport and that it makes no difference whether planes carry mail, men, and merchandise, or bombs, paratroopers, and machine guns. To paraphrase the maxim of a long dead American general: Air power is what gets there furstest and fastest with the mostest.

In presenting his theories on the right to fly, Mr. Cooper warns that the treaties of peace with Germany, Japan, and other former-enemy nations must, to insure complete disarmament, include control of all ex-enemy aviation as well as control of air space over Germany and Japan.

Mr. Cooper recognizes the difficulties that face the Allies, or rather the United Nations' partners, when it comes to working out a voluntary control plan for international civil aviation, as part and parcel of world disarmament. Accurately, he says:

> The future good of the world may demand some degree of international control of even the commercial and non-military use of air power. The United Nations may find it necessary to determine, on some future occasion, that air power is creating a situation which, in the terms of the Charter, "might lead to a breach of the peace" and thus require intervention.

In evaluating the capacity of the "Big Three" to fly, Mr. Cooper gives England the lowest rating and places Russia and America on a virtually equal level. England's lack of fuel as well as material for aircraft construction makes her dependent upon imports and stockpiling, and, therefore, vulnerable.

With respect to Russia, Mr. Cooper notes that its ownership of one-sixth of the earth's land surface, plus its increasing control, from the Baltic to the Balkans, provides Russia with an ocean-of-the-air, which — together with vast natural resources, including fuel—places the Soviet Union, with its satellites, in a top-dog position.

As for the United States, the author says that its potential air power is blessed not only with natural resources but also the know-how of production and the show-how of training of air and ground crews. It is further blessed by a large air-ocean to fly in and good, over-all flying weather. Our weakest point is fuel. Oil scarcities, such as, reportedly, affect current naval operations, may reduce Uncle Sam's capacity to fly and thus ultimately curtail his air power.

Mr. Cooper takes the stand that in international aviation, private enterprise, which must show a profit, does not stand up against nationalized aviation, which can operate disdainful of red ink or blue. To put is briefly, Mr. Cooper submits that American airliners in international service should be government controlled. He holds that the United States aviation industry and aeronautical research can only prosper and progress if subsidized by the taxpayer rather than depending on airline patronage and military aviation orders.

One factor Mr. Cooper overlooks in his book, from a military standpoint, is that the airplane is merely a platform for the transportation of missiles as fast and as far as it can carry them; and that the airplane will cease to be such a platform when methods of faster transportation of designs for death are devised.

The publishers of Mr. Cooper's book claim that it does for air power what "The Influence of Sea Power upon History" by Admiral Mahan did for sea power. That is an overstatement. Admiral Mahan was a professional sea fighter who turned out a textbook on his trade. Mr. Cooper is a lawyer with generous experience in the administrative end of commercial aviation, but his book is essentially for those who lean toward academic concepts of international law. It is unrealistic in that it fails to recognize the plane-proof qualities of the iron curtain and in that it ignores or forgets that the right to fly of American planes over Russian-controlled European territory has been challenged with red hot lead and caused the death of American airmen. Moreover, these bullets were not fired by either Germans or Japs. The book is overlong and repetitious. It establishes some excellent points, but in the piled-up mass of the obvious they are as hard to get at as the proverbial needle in the haystack.

Hans Christian Adamson, who shared Captain Rickenbacker's life raft with him in the Pacific in 1942, was special assistant to the Commanding General, AAF, from 1942 to 1945.

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Economic Warriors

THE HIDDEN WEAPON. By David L. Gordon and Royden Dangerfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 238 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ADRIENNE KOCH

IN A WARTIME world of "Our Side" and "The Enemy," neutral countries shuffle off into a peculiar limbo. Peace, indeed, amid the pulls of global war was almost a supernatural feat. For this feat, the "northern" neutrals, Sweden and Switzerland, share honors with the Mediterranean tight-rope walkers, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. "The Hidden Weapon" is the story of how Britain and American managed, bargained, argued, and pressured the neutrals if not exactly *to do* the Allies' bidding, at least *not to do* completely what the enemy wished.

The fundamental task of economic warfare in the recent war was to serve as auxiliary support in the military conquest of the enemy. This broad objective far outdistanced earlier conceptions of "blockade," just as "total war" attained a new high of killing, with all that that implied for scope of planning and perfection of weapons and supplies. In World War II, it happened that blockade was rendered ineffective for two years because Germany's door to the East was open via shipments from and through Russia. For that reason and others, blockade became only one of diverse techniques for a concerted British-American effort to cripple the German war economy. The other techniques comprised preclusive buying, blacklists, domestic control of foreign funds, property and exchange transactions; and the more illegal procedures of smuggling, high-jacking, buying mines or factories only to close them, causing transportation snarls, driving up prices, etc.

The authors willingly admit that economic intelligence can be as dull as "double-entry bookkeeping"; but they also claim it can be, on occasion, exciting melodrama. To make good the latter view, there is the account of how British and American officials closed a deal with SKF to cease sending ball bearings to Germany at a crucial time, and when formal negotiations with the Swedish government had failed. Or there is the story of the shabby fiberboard trunk, reported by an Allied intelligence agent, as it waited in a Latin-American port for shipment to a workingman in Spain. On inspection, the contents of the trunk revealed—nothing. On inspired closer inspection, its black-painted "iron" straps proved to be pure platinum, thousands of dollars' worth of it, sufficient to supply German needs for several months.

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Dangerfield, in the more stimulating closing section of their book, reflect on the politics of economic warfare, its effects, and the significance of economic warfare for the future. Their conclusions are: (1) The basic objective (to cripple Germany war economy) failed. For evidence, the able report of the U. S. Strategic Bombing Survey on the results of Allied air attacks on Nazi Germany is cited, showing not only that the German economy was not "crippled" but that it had not yet developed alarming symptoms of being "tight." (2) Modern technological ability to dispense with many "essential" strategic materials lessens the effectiveness of selective economic warfare. (3) Despite the limitations upon the basic objective of the economic warfare program, the entire operation for both Great Britain and America was very small, with a personnel of no more than several thousand each, and relatively cheap, amounting "to the cost of a couple of days, at most, in the wartime budgets of the two governments."

Even so, specific successes can be chalked up for the economic warriors. These are: the single calamitous raw material shortage of Nazi Germany—oil—ultimately traceable to the blockade which made the Nazis depend on synthetic production plants (vulnerable to Allied bombers) and Rumanian oilfields (vulnerable to the advancing Red Army); a general cumulative strain on the economic structure of Germany, including a strain in manpower resources, and reduced production goals; and an important effect on military strategy, favorable to continued blitzkrieg strategy, and averse to means of warfare involving sustained, heavy consumption of oil. Thus, in the authors' words, economic warfare "was not a major Allied weapon, but it was a valuable auxiliary, well worth the small expenditure of military and financial resources. . . ." More is hoped for from economic warfare for the years ahead, as an overt weapon for international peace or truce, than is claimed for it as a hidden weapon in modern warfare.

As the jacket says, "The Hidden Weapon" is "a popular account." The only question remaining is whether even a popular account would not have been more effective with essential aids like comparative tables, statistical lists, and charts. The vaguest of qualitative generalizations too frequently occur in this book in contexts where quantitative estimates are woefully needed. As an authoritative report on the activities of BEW (Board of Economic Warfare), later transformed into FEA (Foreign Economic Administration) there is one serious omission. Nowhere in the book do the authors mention other divisions of FEA than Blockade. Despite a natural inclination to puff the work of the division in which the authors at different times served as chief, a richer and truer story would have emerged had the activities of the other branches of FEA been presented.

Adrienne Koch was a writer and analyst in the Far Eastern Enemy Division of FEA during 1943 and 1944.

"I think we'd better taper off and start framing an alibi."

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Semi-Historical Adventure Story

TO THE BITTER END. By Hans Bernd Gisevius. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 632 pp. $4.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN L. FORD

"TO THE BITTER END" is a difficult book to classify. It is not, as the foreword hastens to point out, intended as a history of the Third Reich, although it deals with Germany between 1933 and 1945. Part One, entitled "From the Reichstag Fire to the Fritsch Crisis," is primarily a discussion of clashes among officials and departments during the first years of Nazi consolidation. Part Two, "From Munich to July 20, 1944," concentrates on the roles of army men and civil servants in the attempt to assassinate Hitler. The author is too preoccupied with the friction between old-line officials and Nazi *parvenus* to have much time for discussing any other aspect of the period.

Neither is the book an autobiography, for it presents nothing even approaching a complete picture of Mr. Gisevius's background or political philosophy. In his opening paragraphs he describes himself as a man of the Right and an opponent of Weimar. His career under Hitler, as he recounts it, was one of anti-Nazi agitation, carried on while he passed from one position to another: Gestapo lawyer, police administrator, businessman, and finally intelligence agent attached to the German legation in Berne. But we are told little concerning his activities under the Republic beyond the fact that in 1933 they recommended him strongly to Goering's notorious deputy, Ludwig Grauert. With regard to his later views, we are confronted with the difficulty of reconciling the statement made by Justice Jackson at Nuremberg, that Mr. Gisevius was "the one representative of democratic forces in Germany to take this stand," with a much less publicized item, also concerned with the author's Nuremberg appearance but in this case drawn from the United States Zone German press. This latter excerpt quotes the witness as having testified that in 1939 "he and his group agreed with Hitler's aims but disagreed with his methods." Then the quotation concludes:

Jackson: "Then according to your view too, Germany ought to have the rest of the world; but you wanted to achieve this by peaceful means?" Gisevius: "Yes."*

"Whatever the outcome of World War II. Hans Gisevius would have been on hand to congratulate the victors."

Perhaps the fairest way to describe the volume at hand is to call it a semi-historical adventure story, with the author as hero. Mr. Gisevius unquestionably possessed the boldness and wit necessary for the dangerous game he played. When he left the safety of Switzerland and returned to Berlin in July 1944, he gambled his life as coolly as any submarine crewman or fighter pilot, albeit with greater rewards in prospect. Nevertheless, the role which he has assigned himself appears exaggerated, to say the least. The same collateral sources which vouch for his participation in the conspiracy agree in describing it as chiefly that of a messenger and observer. It is between the covers of his own book that he emerges as a figure of pivotal significance for the history of the Third Reich:

> [Hjalmar] Schacht and I disagreed in our judgment of what program should be followed. I told him about the decision Goerdeler and I had come to—that we now favored an immediate adoption of the "Western" solution.

And during the tense hours of the putsch attempt itself, "[Colonel General] Beck caught sight of me and rushed toward me," while in the next room Generals Olbricht and Hoeppner murmured, "Ask Gisevius."

It might be possible to overlook the author's admiring recollections of his own role if he had been content merely with dramatic narration. The fast-moving chapters on the Reichstag fire, the 1934 Blood Purge, and similar incidents reveal at its best the

*Badische Neueste Nachrichten, April 30, 1946.

Summer Night

By John Ciardi

THE hot blue-bottled buzz of incandescence
Hums at the store fronts to a swarm of bugs
Who window shop for light. Spending and spending,
Their wings beat at the many colored glass
That shines on polished apples, candy boxes,
Pots, pills, pistols, and the placid dummies
Who bend in the human gesture of their clothes
Or, still unfinished, turn a waxen rump
Into the neon glint and wait for arms
In a museum of dollars marked on tags.

Drunk with a delirium of light
The frantic bugs yearn, stumbling and recoiling,
In broken spirals, ravening to be lit
With the placidity and whole desire
Of chromium spoons, pyramidal velveteen.

The non-commercial world of darkened windows
Sleeps on itself. The bugs labor to die
At the unopening Paradise of glass
Whose luminous promise falls to a debris
Like walnut shells lining the plastic fronts.

Alone in time, the owl-car like a beetle
Warps round a bend and booms away down hill
Spilling a wake of light on polished rails,
To fade and fade and finally be lost
Above the summer valley of a town,
Till only a thin singing in rails and wires
Hums back the self destruction of a bug.

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trained criminologist's gift for detail. Unfortunately, he has also set out to interpret recent German history in the light of his own political predilections. The result is a treatment of Nazism as a simple variant of Marxian socialism, while his discussion of the Weimar Republic and why it fell is a specimen of twisted analysis in the tradition of Friedrich Hayek.

"To the Bitter End" fails to explain anti-Nazism as a faith for which men died. Its author is a clever conspirator, but never more than that. Occasionally he castigates Nazi excesses and lectures his countrymen on their collective guilt; but the motives of his particular circle of civil-servant acquaintances within the movement bore no more essential relationship to the larger human issues which were at stake in Hitler's Reich than they would have to place intrigues in imperial Rome or Renaissance Italy. In the present case it is difficult to escape the feeling that whatever the outcome of World War II, Mr. Gisevius would have been on hand to congratulate the victors and scold the vanquished.

Apologia for Auschwitz

REPORT ON THE GERMANS. By William L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 260 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. JACKSON

"YOU AMERICANS," says a German in William L. White's new book, "failed to realize that in Europe the ordinary man is forced to cooperate with the ruling regime in his country, whether he approves of it or not." This summarizes the attitude of Mr. White himself, who believes there is something to the ancient distinction between Germans and their government.

Whether Mr. White knows whereof he speaks is open to debate. Certainly, an author who lets it appear that the *Sicherheitsdienst* (SD) is equivalent to our FBI has a rather unsteady grip on the facts. It is also doubtful whether a dozen individual case histories, gathered during one of those quick trips that have a way of breeding omniscience, can be the basis of broad conclusions of any sort, even when set against the background of Mr. White's rambling reminiscences of Germany in 1919 and 1939.

Nevertheless, the portraits of Ruprecht K. ("If Chamberlain trusted Hitler in 1938 at Munich, and Stalin trusted him the following year, how can the ordinary German now be blamed for not realizing that Hitler's real aim was a war of world conquest?"), Friedrich Neumann ("The French are free from any kind of false puritanism in these matters. . . . Since they had to collaborate with Hitler, they understand why Germans also had to"), and of the others show a prevailing mood of petulant self-righteousness among people who clearly consider themselves less sinning than sinned against. Only one, Albrecht Schultz, stands out against this whining irresponsibility. "We are all guilty," he admits; "I think that most Germans who now say they never knew of [extermination camps] until . . . the Nuremberg trials, are fooling themselves."

Hovering about this picture gallery is the brooding incubus of the Kremlin, which Mr. White considers more successful than ourselves in dealing with the Germans and which, it will surprise no one, he views with dismay. The second part of his book, a highly selective library job arguing Wilson's superiority over Roosevelt and Truman in handling the problems of peace and war, constitutes an indictment, in essence, that in concentrating on beating the Nazis we prepared the way for the Soviet menace. The specific charges are familiar —the failure to "make" Russia renounce territorial claims before supplying Lend-Lease; Roosevelt's appeasement of Stalin at Teheran and Yalta; the rejection of Churchill's "soft underbelly" Balkan invasion strategy, thus leaving the Russians in control of Eastern Europe; and the Anglo-American unconditional surrender formula, which the Russians exploited to their own purposes.

In attacking these policies Mr. White not only ignores the undoubted saving in lives which some of them achieved but also involves himself in a curious contradiction. For while arguing backhandedly that we should have made a separate peace with the Nazis if our Allies refused to accept our terms, he also protests Russia's numerous unilateral actions sundering the Allied partnership. A hindsight case may perhaps be made that we should have turned against an ally in the midst of battle; but then there is little basis for sitting in judgment on the perfidies of the Soviet.

The impression is inescapable that Mr. White had a lot of random notes lying around and decided to knock them together between covers. The result is a confused and superficial book which will be ill at ease in the company of its predecessors.

Treasury Theatre

BLOOD MONEY. The Story of the U. S. Treasury Secret Agents. By Francis Rufus Bellamy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1947. 257 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

HITLER's Germany began its financial war long before the Nazi troops marched into Poland. The Third Reich ruthlessly used I.G. Farben's world-wide corporate structure; it issued millions of "traveler's marks" to gather in more foreign buying power, and from almost every country the royalties and profits of Germany's subsidiaries helped build up the Nazi financial structure.

Until April 1940, just after the invasion of Norway and Denmark, the United States was unable to fight back effectively; then President Roosevelt signed an administrative order creating the Foreign Funds Control of the Treasury, immediately freezing all Norwegian and Danish assets in this country. Gradually, the Treasury agency extended its power, and, according to Mr. Bellamy, did much of the work in turning up spies, fifth columnists, and those sympathizers with the Axis who recognized the importance of aiding Germany and Japan financially.

Mr. Bellamy, who used many of the official records of the Treasury, doesn't try to tell the full story of the effective battle of the "frozen funds"; instead, he has chosen a handful of the chief villains and related how they were uncovered, stopped, and, in some cases, punished. As the author points out, many of the stories could be made into movies without change.

Bellamy tells how the famous Westermann Bookstore on West Forty-Eighth Street in New York had by 1941 become nothing more than a Nazi agency; how Fritz Mandl, the munitions maker, who is still a close friend of Colonel Perón in Argentina, was frustrated but not stopped. In other cases the Treasury was less successful, partly because its work was impeded by our own diplomats. Juan March, the wealthy, aging Spanish financier who is a close friend of Generalissimo Franco, could not be stopped because Spain allegedly was neutral in the war. Mr. Bellamy also brings out some new—and distressing—angles on this country's questionable relations with Vichy France, an episode in the last war that has still not been satisfactorily explained.

"Blood Money" is a once-over-lightly treatment of an important part of the fight against the Axis.

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World Interdependence

THE TRADE OF NATIONS. By Michael A. Heilperin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 234 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS M. HACKER

THE stock in trade of the American isolationist—whether right or left—is the vastness of the American market. Our high standards of living, our social needs, our rich natural resources are enough and more to engage American capital and labor without any real dependence upon the outside world. There are relatively few imports upon which we are dependent—and even here substitutes can be found, thanks to modern chemistry. And as for exports, rarely have they exceeded eight to ten per cent of total American production. The United States could avoid all the complexities and hazards of international economic relations—with the accompanying political entanglements — if it wrote off foreign trade as not really worth the effort.

This ingenious analysis dies hard. It shows no awareness of the idea of comparative costs: the fact that natural advantages or local skills made it possible for some peoples to produce particular types of goods at lower costs than others. It refuses to reckon with the fact that capital movements overseas produce profits of course; but, more important still, they make it possible for other peoples to raise their standards of living through investment in developmental projects. It forgets that foreign trade permits a people to husband those of its own resources whose supplies are failing and which might be needed badly in time of real emergency.

Ever since the abandonment of the idea of national self-sufficiency—with the opening of the nineteenth century—the wealth of nations has increased with expansion of their foreign trade. Indeed, it has been demonstrated that national well-being is directly related to the size of imports; and world interdependence rather than self-containment holds out the only real hope for welfare and security everywhere.

The classical economists, following Adam Smith, were aware of these simple truths. The power of Britain in the nineteenth century was based on their realization. But since the end of the 1920's—on the European continent and in America—neo-mercantilists (those arguing for closed nationalist trading systems) have been receiving respectful attention. If they are heeded they will threaten not only the American program of free enterprise but, indeed, will once and for all eliminate our only chance to conquer poverty. If national barriers—through tariffs, quota systems, import restrictions, exchange controls — are not leveled, our prosperity cannot continue; nor can great sections of the world be saved from totalitarianism.

Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

Yankee Trader.

The Wallaces in our own midst must be openly challenged. American investments abroad—and not simply relief shipments (it is the difference between the New Deal's PWA and WPA)—must be encouraged if the simple back-breaking toil of hundreds of millions of people, who cannot feed themselves adequately, is to be replaced by mechanical power and higher standards of living. Capital movements (and not the invidious term "imperialism") are part—today the vital part—of the trade of nations; they make possible a real international division of labor; and, as a consequence, nationalism gives way before internationalism.

We are in Dr. Heilperin's debt for illuminating these notions with a courage and vigor that do him great credit. He has refused to follow these strange gods that are currently bemusing so many of our academic economists and who had so many votaries among the later New Dealers. Dr. Heilperin, like all the classicists —who were utilitarians—believes in welfare and liberty; and he knows—and points out solemnly—the dangers of planned economies and nationalist programs.

He is no simon-pure devotee of *laissez-faire*, however: none can be today in our highly complex economic world. The Big State—and Big Business, too, for that matter—is here to stay; but there is all the difference in the world between state intervention to assure economic stability and intervention to control investment.

Dr. Heilperin's message is plainly put. We have important contributions to make to the prosperity of the world; we can do so only if world channels for the movement of goods, services, capital—and ideas—are kept open. International understandings and machineries are necessary; and the United States has been a leader in creating them. Despite the backing and filling here at home, the vitality of the Bank, the Fund, and the proposed ITO are due to American support and participation.

All this is argument and properly so; but Dr. Heilperin's book has another intention: indeed, the greater part is exposition. He explains in nontechnical language for the lay reader the mechanisms of foreign trade and exchange. There are excellent chapters on trade, foreign investments, and monetary relations; on tariff and other controls; on the Bank and the Fund, and on the relations between national prosperity and employment.

This is, in short, a book for the thoughtful American who is prepared to recognize that the United States has world responsibilities and who is not afraid to assume the risks. The stakes are high—but world peace has a better chance of realization if his advice is followed rather than that of those timid ones who while talking of "high employment at home" neglect the crying needs of the rest of mankind.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 216

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 216 will be found in the next issue.

ANP SMRPDIFOLP ST ANP

CFH QR ANP EDPFAPRA

RSCIPOA ST ZGMCQL QCCR.

LFCIQO LSSCQJEP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 215

I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education.

WILSON MIZNER.

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Let's Be Respectable

MY FRIEND the Connecticut farmer came over the other night for a visit. After dinner, he reached into his wallet and took out a newspaper clipping.

"This is from the society page of the *New York World-Telegram*," he said. "And don't ask me how I happen to read the society page. Maybe the word 'philosophy' right at the top of the item caught my eye as I turned the pages. Anyway, I found myself reading about the breakup of a beautiful romance between two of those high-octane socialites whose newspaper pictures never show them without either a scotch and soda or a horse.

"Well, it seems that the engagement had been announced and the wedding plans were all set. Then Jimmy — that was the young man's name — told the young lady that he was interested in philosophy and thought he might like to study and perhaps even work in that field.

"Whereupon, Susie promptly called off the wedding. She was shocked, the newspaper says, that any serious person should have such terrible ideas. Her own father, and his father before him, and his father before him, have all been industrialists. The family name, of course, is one to be reckoned with whenever steel foundries and munitions are spoken of. Apparently, the weight of all that social respectability can't be easily shrugged off by this young lady. Certainly, the family name could not be marred by association with things or persons philosophical. Here, let me read the snapper line from the clipping:

> Susan gave Jimmy back his ring. . . . She says there's no room in the Johnson clan for a full-time thinker.

"Seems funny at first; but when you get to thinking about it—especially when you think of dozens of other little things like that springing up every week—you don't feel like laughing. I suppose the world has always had its Susies—kids who have been doomed by respectability and whose minds were sealed 100 per cent idea-proof even before they grew hair. Now and then, of course, you get a Jimmy or two—kids who were lucky enough to see something of the real world somewhere along the line and who respond to it as human beings. But when that happens, they are promptly ousted from their set as social lepers and subversive rascals.

"Now the Susie-Jimmy matter is more than just another episode in an old, old story. The thing that really bothers me is that it fits right in with the mushrooming suspicion of anyone who has an idea in his head. It looks as though we're deep in one of those periods when anyone who writes or thinks—especially if he happens to write or to think with the slightest tinge of progressivism — will be marked down as a raging radical or a Mongolian idiot. As such, he is being singled out and hunted down.

"Respectability these days is becoming a sort of giant steamroller that flattens out the slightest irregularity or deviation from the norm—the norm in this case almost being an anesthetized mental existence and standardization of values and personality that would make a row of milk bottles seem like the original glass menagerie by comparison.

"I'm not just griping. I'm worried. Everywhere you see the symptoms of a disease that has hurt peoples and civilizations before. I'm no student of Greek history, but you don't have to be a classical scholar to know that when the Greeks got rid of Socrates because of his ideas they were actually advertising an inner weakness that before long fully showed itself in the decay of Greece itself. Then look at what happened in Rome, and the long years of blackness that followed. Gibbon dug up all the evidence anyone needs to show what happens when people are branded as heretics and rooted out — and it makes little difference whether the dogma that is handed out like ready-made clothing is religious, ideological, or political.

"I suppose Gibbon was as good a doctor as there is in the field of diagnosing illnesses of civilizations. I wonder what he would say about the flying saucer craze, and souvenirs and trinkets that are supposed to have secret atomic powers, and the mounting enthusiasm for palm-reading, fortune-telling, tea leaves, and the wide variety of supernatural mumbo-jumbo that is captivating so many people. I wonder what he would say about the reaction against ideas, the glorification of a boiled-shirt respectability, and the lack of a moral leadership that could really move the world.

"Would he say that all this is of no importance; that it is only a passing phase well within the allowable margin of error, and that the patient can continue indefinitely as he is without harm?"

The farmer folded his newspaper clipping, put it back in his wallet. "Here, now," he said, "I've no business to be asking these questions. That's your job. Why don't you write an editorial?" N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is convalescing from an illness. His column "Seeing Things" will be resumed early in September.*

Non-Esoteric Delight

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

SO BALLADS and sonnets are so much Greek
Except to the masters of verse technique?
My friend, quite frankly I couldn't bake
A good mud pie but I still like cake.
And thousands of people who can't tan leather
Find shoes a comfort in muddy weather.
Thousands more who wouldn't know
Andante from con fortissimo
Delight in Brahms and the numerous Strausses
While dwelling in well-constructed houses,
Albeit they've never learned the trick
Of planing a plank or laying a brick.
In short, you needn't dissect and measure
And weigh a poem to taste its pleasure.
Just read and rejoice that the agony
Of making it falls to fools like me!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Who's Addlepated Anyway?

SIR: Mr. Philip Wylie in his letter [*SRL* July 12] with reference to my article in the *Review* [May 31] said that I accused him "of blaming the ills of the world on Mom and overlooking Pop." That I did this because I had read "A Generation of Vipers."

I have not read this book. My article was in reply only to his previous article, "More Musings on Mom." The point in question is: Did I unjustly accuse Mr. Wylie? If he can detach himself from the urge to expound his own erudition sufficiently long to answer the following questions by yes or no, the point can be decided and dismissed.

Mr. Wylie, in your article did you say that Dr. Strecker ("Their Mothers' Sons") was "himself somewhat pollyanna, protective, addlepated, and pseudo-intellectual and ailing?"

From Dr. Strecker's book did you quote or paraphrase as follows:

> . . . Just a few thousands less than three million American men flunked as soldiers unfit even for home front guard duty because they were psychoneurotics—and the agent of their psychoneurosis in nearly every case, according to Dr. Strecker, was a Mother—a Mom, that is.

Accepting that statement, did you say:

> Since Mom has wrecked the capacity of three million men to fight in the cause of their freedom, it follows that she has wrecked three or four million younger and older males, together with an enormous number of females.

Did Dr. Strecker, as quoted, mention fathers?

Did you mention fathers?

There is another question that Mr. Wylie might ask himself: Is not the man also addlepated who accepts as reliable and accurate the statement of another addlepated man?

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN.

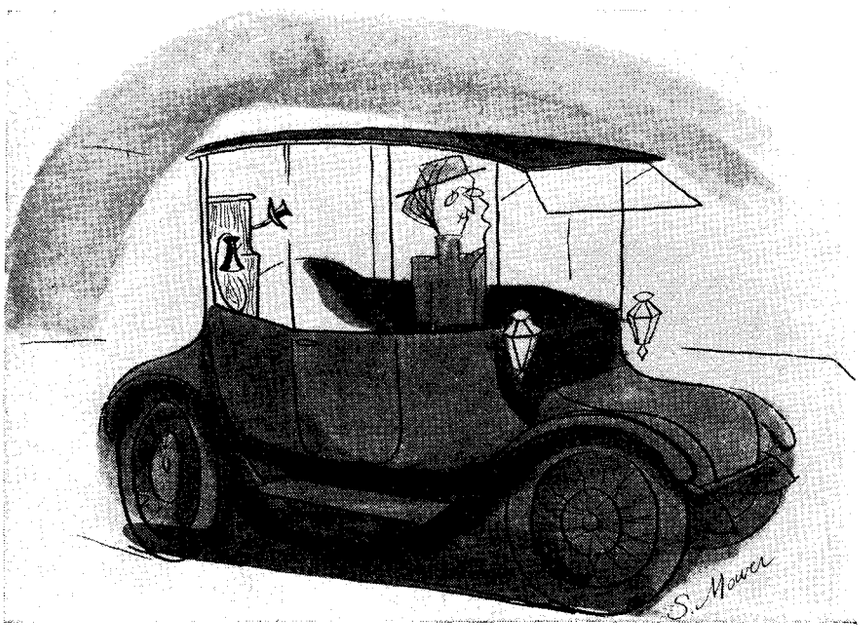
Tucson, Ariz.

The Scream That Strengthens

SIR: It was gratifying to read "Let the Eagle Scream" [*SRL* Mar. 15] originally. And now it is a pleasure to find it in juxtaposition to "The Red Spy Net," "Argentina: New World Superstate," etc., where the readers who absorb the latter may also find your antidote.

Americans living outside the country in government service are usually more actively "patriotic" than those living in the States. For us, the green passport is an evidence of a citizenship of which we are ostentatiously proud; the flag is really Old Glory; songs from home can be unbearably dear; the language heard unexpectedly among foreign tongues produces a spontaneous glance of pleasure between strangers. And, of course, we read every magazine we can subscribe to and every book that is sent us; then we exchange, loan, and give them away.

Recently, after finishing the monthly accumulation of publications from



Home, we feel as though our beloved country were in imminent danger of dissolution; that our span of years would be approximately 1775-1975, a sprightly but short 200 years. According to most observers who publish their opinions, we seem to be threatened by a huge, barbaric, conscienceless Asia and an insidious rotting within due to "labor," crime, and vacillating, scared, untried leaders. The things we read worry us, and we are too far away to check on the truth for the time being, though we know some is true and some is well-considered writing, and some is sensationalism.

Furthermore, these magazines and books reach foreign readers, and they cannot imagine how such news is permitted to leak out. They are shocked to read that the U.S.A. is so frankly and self-avowedly in a state of chaos within and without as the periodicals show. We remind them of a freedom of speech and press which is absolute, and which they may have forgotten existed recently. They nod: "Oh, yes . . . but . . ."

It is not my purpose to pursue this subject, but merely to tell you that "Let the Eagle Scream" is going to be passed around a great deal over the world, with a blue-penciled arrow over the eagle. It does not, perhaps, give more hope but it assuredly gives strength to get through the more painful pages we may read.

JEAN OGLETREE.

Madrid, Spain

Cholesistography

SIR: It was with consternation that I realized my typist had omitted the *ist* from the title of my verse: "For a Cholesistography," which appeared in the July 5 *SRL*.

As you may gather from the title, I was in no condition to proof my verses before she sent them off. Inasmuch as it is a comparatively recent and technical medical coinage, I know no way of checking it, except perhaps by having one, a needlessly expensive and depressing experience, even in the pursuit of editorial infallibility.

May I end on a Gilbertian note:

> Unless you chance to have
> A doctor on your list
> Who really would insist
> Upon that little *ist*
> It never would be missed,
> No, it never would be missed.

AMY LEE SPENCER.

Coventry, R. I.

Children's Crusade?

SIR: An interesting sentence in Mr. John Mason Brown's excellent commencement address at Clark University, Worcester [*SRL* June 7] would bear amplification. It is this:

> As one of the world's first powers, we must now make up our minds whether we are prepared to play a responsible role or embark upon a Children's Crusade.

What is meant by Children's Crusade in this association? The course taken by our Government in defense of civil liberties in Hungary, Greece, and Bulgaria in opposition to planned aggression, and other possible developments growing out of application of the Truman Doctrine? What is the responsible role our State Department should play?

V. V. MCNITT.

New York, N. Y.

Stravinsky-Lover

SIR: My untarnished rep as a Stravinsky-lover is in danger! *SRL* (July 19) printed, "I find it [Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements] most rewarding—for a change. Decidedly dissonant." I meant ". . . most rewarding; for a change decidedly dissonant."

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

New York, N. Y.

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Good Earth with Norwegian Roots

BIG EMBER. By Edward Havill. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NEA COLTON

BECAUSE it is quietly written, unpretentious in its language, "Big Ember" is a book of almost surprising depth. It is the story of Guri Erikson, her husband Lars, their children and their neighbors, who came from Norway to settle a Minnesota prairie community in the early 1860's.

It was not easy for Guri to come with her four children to this unknown, wild country. She had not seen her husband in two years. She was fearful that she would find him a stranger, but he was the same Lars she had known before. The only chasm between them was his complete acceptance of the crude cabin home he had built for his family, the quickness of his rooting in this new soil. In the early pages of the book, the Eriksons' reunion is described knowingly:

> They were waiting for the shyness to leave them. It was something that would fade slowly, gradually. They were not the kind that can conceal shyness in an outburst of words. In facing any crisis it was characteristic of their natures to put their trust in deliberateness, having the strength to let time take care of things. For almost two years they had had the patience to live apart. They were not impatient now, at least not impatient to hide anything, even their shyness, from each other. . . .

But with the passing of time, the strangeness of her surroundings becomes familiar; the vast emptiness of the West is filled. A daughter is born in the cabin, and with Priscilla's arrival Guri has a sense of destiny here. At last this America has claimed her. The scene of Priscilla's birth is quite tremendous in its simplicity, the way in which the whole story is told from one phase to another. The reader becomes a part of this household, this community, and what happens in the story happens to him.

"Big Ember" is rich with earthiness and love of growing things, from golden wheat and ripe corn to the Eriksons' own children. The people are a part of the soil they till. They are intimate with the violent changes of the seasons, and the reader is with them, even in sustaining incredible disappointments. Hordes of flying wild pigeons, for instance, sweep down to strip their new corn fields bare. They must plant a new crop. And always as these pioneers work, dream, plan, there is the silent, lurking danger of the Indians, resentful because promises of wealth from far-off politicians have remained unfulfilled. In the desperate episode of the settlement's massacre, which climaxes the story, the reader is deeply involved. The tiny settlement on the lakes that suffers the terror of the Indians' raid is inhabited by people known and admired.

It is a pity that a novel which discloses so objectively and well the innermost thoughts and feelings of its highly reserved folk, should fail, in a sense, in any characterization drawn. The weakness of "Big Ember" is the excessive and constant weakness of the Eriksons' neighbors, the Bergmans. Nothing goes right for the Bergmans, nothing at all. Eventually they give up and go back East, just before the attack of the Sioux Indians. There is a quality just a little too pat about the Bergmans' weakness and their escape. They seem to be in the book as a contrived contrast, and yet they make the strength of the do-or-die pioneers who remain to rebuild a little unbelievable. No one is all weakness. No one is all strength, not in life or novels or the history of our country's Western emergence. But the Bergmans are minor characters and perhaps this is a minor point. Despite the Bergmans, "Big Ember" is well-paced and carefully written.

Nea Colton, of the War Department's reorientation branch, is author of the novel "Rivers Are Frozen."

Emotional Life of a Spinster

RIVERSIDE. By Patrick Hamilton. New York: Random House. 1947. 284 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

IN A NEW turn away from the grim, murderous atmosphere of "Angel Street" and, his last novel, "Hangover Square," Patrick Hamilton gives us now the story of a wartime-England spinster, Miss Roach, and her boarding-house companions, her boarding-house world and problems. Atmospherically, Mr. Hamilton's writing is as competent as ever, and psychologically, I see in this somewhat uncommon excursion into the intellectual and emotional life of a spinster, he is very wise.

I do not think that Hollywood is likely, thank heaven, to hop all over this one; unless, perchance, the moguls who have been trying their hands at psychological thrilling are somehow moved to attempt a more subtle, more real, less exciting portrait of a wonderful, pathetic, everyday ostrich like Miss Roach. For she summons up memories of Mansfield and, though not up to her, of Virginia Woolf. She is a finely drawn, high-strung, lonely character, whose moments of emotional panic are stubbornly but sympathetically caught and carried by her author. Even a better job than Miss Roach, I think, is the portrait of Mr. Thwaites, a cruel, blustering, windbag of a heckler, who drives poor Miss Roach to her most passionate physical outbursts and mental smolderings and is, in his own sad way, terribly, terribly funny. His references to the Russians as friends of Miss Roach (" 'Well,' he said, '*your* friends seem to be mightily distinguishing themselves as usual!' . . . And, oh God, thought Miss Roach, not that again, not that again,"), his frequent lapses into "Troth Language," ("And what of my Lady of the Roach? . . . How doth *she* disport herself this morning?"), his tortuous thrusts at the dinner table and noisy leadership of dining-room conversation—all these and more go into a neat and thoroughly effective job of tragi-comic character portrayal. Equally interesting, if not quite so effective, are Vicki Kugelmann, the German girl whom Miss Roach takes under her trembling wing, later to hate for her nymphomaniac tactics; Lieutenant Pike, an American with aspirations toward post-war laundry-owning, whose habit it is to ask every girl to marry him; and Mrs. Barratt and Miss Steele, Miss Roach's rather weak companions in verbal arms against Mr. Thwaites.

With the exception of a somewhat inappropriate final intrusion, Mr. Hamilton presents a consistently fascinating novel. And he strengthens, alas, a notion about the sensitivity of English writers as compared with our own, and their ability to carry off fiction of psychology, which for some years I have been resisting on the hopeful grounds that it was only a critical stereotype.

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First Heartbreak

DISTURB NOT OUR DREAMS. By Hobert Douglas Skidmore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 161 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE CURTIS

HOBERT DOUGLAS SKIDMORE, in "Disturb Not Our Dreams," has, with the light, sure touch necessary to all fables, told the story of a home for the aged which has its full complement of folk who have found their final happiness in fantasies rather than reality. The ladies who are the residents at Idle Downs cottage are an assorted and strange group, none of whom would be able to endure a single day outside the narrow confines of the home. With them is a young foundling, the little girl they have named Lovely. Because they love her and find in her a symbolic extension of all their dreaming, they do not notice or mention to her the fact that one side of her face is terribly disfigured by a rough, black birthmark.

The story is of one day in the lives of those at Idle Downs, the first day that Lovely goes to school and discovers that people can be cruel and unthinking and life outside the home confusing and painful. The tortuously built illusions of the ladies of the home come near to crumbling with the child's first heartbreak.

The author has walked the narrow line between a fable and the unbelievable with such sure skill that when Mrs. McFeeson talks of her non-existent husband and son we want her to hold to them if they make her happy, just as we admit that it is better for Miss Miller to believe that the harsh tale of the schoolteacher who had to make a choice between rape and joblessness is a story read in a long-forgotten book rather than her own history. We are willing to let each of the ladies have her dream. We know that if they are destroyed there is no living in the harsher world of everyday for deaf Mrs. Kilman, whose ear had once been sharp enough to hear the crackle of ice over the body of her drowned son, and even for the cook, Mrs. Plopinet, whose errant husband left her many years ago in his search for a certain beautiful bird.

The peace of Idle Downs is broken when Lovely returns home from her first day at school, and only through her salvation, which comes in a strange way, does the quiet settle back again.

In the characters of the young lovers, Walt and Janice—the latter is supervisor of the home—the author is perhaps saying a great deal (although he never points a finger) about the fact that the dreams of the young and strong are often saved only through their compassion for the more fragile dreams of the old.

Mr. Skidmore has built a slender, tenuous plot that, in a manner quite as strange as his characters, leaves one with a feeling of rightness and pleasure.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 697)

H. D. THOREAU:
TO HARRISON BLAKE

That Walt Whitman of whom I wrote you is the most interesting fact to me at present. . . . We ought to rejoice greatly in him. Since I have seen him, I find that I am not disturbed by any brag or egoism in his book. . . . He is a great fellow.

A Practising Idealist

MR. BREMBLE'S BUTTONS. By Dorothy Langley. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 186 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

DOROTHY LANGLEY'S Mr. Bremble would find a true companion in Robert Nathan's Mr. Whittle. Both men, aware of such loneliness as only communion with God can relieve, endeavor to submit their truths to the world. Mr. Whittle's sense of doom is matched by Mr. Bremble's desire to live a literal Christian life and to practise absolute democracy.

Mr. Bremble committed a sin in marrying Amelia. Here was an outwardly commendable creature, a churchgoer, the president of the League for Democracy, a worshipper of flowers, a lover of other people's children, unashamed of her own barrenness, yet actually unable and unwilling to abide by her preachings. Backed by her malicious mother, equipped with the ready adage and her sense of righteousness, she imposes her will on her husband and on the community at large. There is no softness about Amelia, but her reputation will remain unsullied in suburbia.

Henry Bremble, the little man, the gentle accountant, butt of office jokes, dreamer of poetry, justice and, repose, reaches tranquillity through death. We can only rejoice for him. His saintliness wasn't of the earth. His rebellion, however, is, and also his humor. From a penchant for collecting buttons to enchanting interviews with the local psychiatrist, to the mounting madness of throwing mud at his boss, and finally taking such willing leave of reality as to swerve his car into a truck, Henry's pilgrimage is frustrated but warming. We follow it with hope.

Miss Langley has imagination, and her thesis is entirely valid. Mr. Bremble is believable, as is his small town. Amelia, as the prodding, nagging wife, is something of a stock character, pedestrian in her procedure. But the novel has good moments and a decided message to which we should give our willing attention.

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Who Was Who in 1500

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS MORE. Edited by Elizabeth Frances Rogers. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1947. 565 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. BERDAN

OF ALL the personages in the reign of Henry VIII today Sir Thomas More has the greatest appeal. Even the king, in spite of the sporadic performance of the Shakesperean play or the clever caricature of Charles Laughton in the movies, is less well known. By millions of our contemporaries he is revered as a duly authorized saint, by other millions he is considered a prophet of socialism; it is said that the "Utopia" is used as a sort of textbook in Russia. If he could have foreseen his future reputation, probably no one would have been more surprised, because his humor would have prevented his taking himself so solemnly and his intellect the "Utopia" so seriously. To his own contemporaries he was a learned, just, and delightful statesman, whose life was cut short by the tragedy on Tower Hill.

The various aspects of his personality are illustrated in the "Correspondence of Sir Thomas More," listed, dated, arranged chronologically, and annotated by Dr. Elizabeth Frances Rogers. There are 218 items. Although the majority of these have been printed, yet the books are so rare as to be inaccessible except in very large libraries. It was a very happy thought of Dr. Rogers to bring them all into one volume. Unfortunately she lists but does not print the correspondence with Erasmus. It is like a classic statue without the head. And it is unfortunate since there may be some poor scholars (I know one) who have not the ten volumes of P. S. Allen's superb "Erasmi Epistolae" upon their shelves. Of course they are accessible in other works but to have them listed and omitted is tantalizing. Aside from this omission, what a magnificent range of correspondence! With the possible exception of the poet John Skelton (we are still pathetically waiting for Mrs. Helen Sales's study of that poet), almost every prominent figure, either historical or literary, is either addressed or alluded to in these pages. And as it has been most carefully edited with brief but comprehensive lives, the book becomes almost a "Who's Who" of the first quarter of the sixteenth century. As such it will rank as a great aid to the student of the sixteenth century.

Fortunately, Dr. Rogers inteprets the word "correspondence" most generously. The "letter" to Martin Dorp consists of forty-seven pages of Latin prose, that to Edward Lee of seventeen pages, that to a monk of forty-one pages, and to Bugenhagen of forty-two pages. Naturally these are carefully reasoned essays intended to be read, not only by the nominal addressee, but also by the entire European public, and as such explain More's intellectual positions. In the first of these, to defend the brilliant irreverence of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," he attacks the old syllogistic system of education. His aim, as stated in a later letter (to William Gonell), is to inculcate piety towards God, charity towards all, and modesty and Christian humility. To accomplish this desirable end he urges the study of Greek. But this Greek is not that which he studied in college, Homer, Zenophon, the dramatists, and Plato; it is the Greek of the New Testament, and he hurries to the support of Erasmus and his translation. Thus he becomes involved in that great movement which history books call the Reformation. Here taking his stand on the authority of the Church he argues bitterly with the monk and acridly with Bugenhagen. It is impossible to overstate the interest of these essays.

Historically there is little new, but it is a convenience to have the documents arranged chronologically without shuffling through the "Calendar of State Papers." And also, although the correspondence relating to More's trial and imprisonment are easily accessible, these letters deserve careful re-reading, especially in connection with Harpsfield's "Life." It is impossible to speak of these pages in terms of moderation; you admire him so much, a man who refused to sacrifice his conscience to expediency and went to his death like a bridegroom. It is the record of a soul-stirring moral victory. Yet in all fairness the dilemma of Cromwell and the English statesmen should be stated. More went to his death because he explicitly refused to deny the supremacy of the Pope. Therefore, according to More, the "divorce" between Catherine of Aragon and the King was illegal and all subsequent issues of the King's body were illegitimate. Broadly stated, the baby that was to become Queen Elizabeth was a bastard, and no bastard sits upon the English throne, as the Duke of Monmouth learned to his cost 250 years later. And it would have been Mary Queen of Scots, not Elizabeth, who was Queen of England, as Mary herself believed. So whether or not the Parliament of 1529 was packed and the legality of More's trial are questions beside the point. Those statesmen feared anarchy, a fear justified by two sporadic rebellions in the next fifteen years, and the action of a possible future Pope, a fear justified by the papal bull of February 25, 1570, excommunicating Elizabeth and urging her subjects to rebel. On the other hand the most justly admired and genuinely loved Englishman of his age had to go to his death.

After 400 years the ashes of these old controversies are now cold, but with only a little imagination the coals glow red. And for the opportunity to use that imagination we are surely indebted to Dr. Rogers.

John M. Berdan is Emily Sanford professor of English literature and a fellow of Saybrook College emeritus at Yale University.

Her Masters' Voice

JOURNEY TO VICTORY AND LOOKING-GLASS RIVER. By Hazel Zimmerman. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1947. 53 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMON

FOR all her passion and understanding, Hazel Zimmerman's work suffers from poetic competence; she avoids mediocrity yet attains no distinction. At her best she is skilful, but the influence of poets from Shakespeare to Millay is strong upon her.

The title-poem, "Journey to Victory," is written in free forms. It is a story of a bombing mission that could easily be adapted for the radio. The early sections, except for an introductory sonnet, are provocative. Part IV is watered-down Sandburg; it culminates in an appeal for FREEDOM, three times repeated, before concluding with a lyric in rhymed couplets sanctifying man's love for God and his need to love mankind.

The rest of the book is devoted to sonnets, some new and some culled from previous volumes. It is in the sonnet that Miss Zimmerman has won inordinate acclaim; occasionally, she achieves a brilliant line, only to spoil the effect by uncalled-for personification, the use of outworn words and phrases, archaisms, and a false sense of repetitive rhyme.

To cite only two of the writers rewritten: "Now is the winter of our discontent" becomes "Winters of discontent are gone" and Millay's "And so stand stricken, so remembering him" appears as "And there stood stricken . . . so remembering you."

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CERVANTES

(Continued from page 7)

Wordsworth's golden thirty pages because we cannot abide the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," or to eavesdrop on the priest and the barber or to chuckle over the judgments of the Governor of Barataria because we cannot keep awake for two chapters of "Persiles y Sigismunda," seems tyrannical indeed. But let us agree that it is well that some among us should be more hardy, and fortunate that Mr. Bell can find "sparkles of genius" even in Cervantes's dullest verses, especially since he refrains from inflicting upon us a detailed account of his explorations, but uses the data he has brought back to illuminate facets of his author's genius—to illuminate, that is, the one immortal book.

How far any reconstruction of the character and beliefs of a long dead author simply from his writings can be valid is a difficult question. The more illustrious and compelling the author, the more the reconstruction is likely to resemble the character and beliefs of the admiring critic, and the less likely it is to command any general agreement. When Mr. Bell tells us what writers Cervantes read and which of them seem to have influenced him most, and what themes recur oftenest in his works, and what the words he used meant at the time he used them we had better believe him. When he tells us that Cervantes was a sincere and orthodox son of the Church, that his satire was directed not at chivalry but at its perversion in the romances, and that the moral of "Don Quixote" is a warning to rash and impractical reformers who want to improve the lot of the common people beyond what God and Nature intend, we may disagree if we like. Probably we shall give no offense by doing so. One suspects that Mr. Bell knows that in criticisms of great living books it is as useful to arouse disagreement as agreement; either will send the reader back to the books themselves. He will be satisfied, I think, and we shall be repaid if we are moved to celebrate this quadricentennial year by turning once again to those bare, bracing plains where a frail, mad old gentleman and his clownish servant ride forever amidst the tears and laughter of the centuries, following, according to the incomprehensible habit of mankind, through a universe of bitter disillusionments and cruel practical jokes their stubborn, irrational loyalties, their absurd, unconquerable dreams..

Garrett Mattingly edited Great Britain's "Further Supplement to the Calendar of Letters, Dispatches, and State Papers Relating to the Negotiations Between England and Spain (1940)."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

UNIQUE CHARACTERS

Each of the characters in this week's quiz was unique in a highly memorable way. From the circumstances briefly sketched below, can you identify them? Allowing five points for the character and another five for the author who created him, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. This young Bostonian woke up after 113 years of hypnotic sleep to find himself unchanged but his surroundings greatly improved.
2. Of the crew of 201 that sailed the ship, this sailor was the only living man.
3. He was apparently seventy years old when he was born and gradually grew younger.
4. Because he was at the bottom of a lead mine when an atomic bomb explosion occurred, this scientist was the only potent male left on earth.
5. Having taken the precaution of plugging the ears of his crew with wax, this voyager was the only one to hear what song the sirens sang.
6. When the whaler *Pequod* sank in mid-ocean, this sailor was buoyed up by a floating coffin and became the sole survivor.
7. Sole survivor of the *Antelope*, this doctor swam to shore and woke up to find himself in a land where the citizens averaged six inches in height.
8. After an argument with a factory hand in 1889, this foreman came to in England in the year 528.
9. This mountain climber was deposited by an avalanche in a valley in which all the citizens had been blind for many generations.
10. A chemistry scholar, he spent six years in developing a process of changing the pigment of his skin and blood so as to make himself invisible.

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PUBLISHER'S EYE VIEW

(*Continued from page 12*)

even keel, as the promising high-brow newcomer with a touch of greatness. They, the authors, can be thrown off by public flattery, reviews, attacks, new possessions. Remember Katharine Brush's own account of that tremendous circular studio she built herself with the profits of best sellers, only to find that she couldn't write in it? She had, however, the wit to move out and the humor to tell about it. There was the lady who, selling a serial for a large sum, was advised to go out and buy clothes to bolster her nervous ego, and found that fine new feathers changed her personality so completely that she couldn't write. There was the gentleman who graduated from no cars to three and in his confusion at trying to keep track of them, plus other complications resulting from quick prosperity, was unable to get back to his craft for many months.

Watch for that dangerous moment when the popular writer says, "Of course I'm only a storyteller." In the inflections of that line lies the catch. Read properly, it says, "*Maybe* I'm only a storyteller, but . . ."

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There are many of us who remember when Gene Stratton Porter wrote a long narrative poem of serious intent, and a historical tome called "The White Flag," on neither of which does her especial kind of fame rest (to neither of which did her public respond). Even the best of writers quite understandably like great sales. Usually they wish to be considered artists as well. It's called eating your cake and having it too. It is sometimes possible, as for example in the cases of Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow.

That Ellen Glasgow was one of the finest American women writers, few deny. She was also a wicked wit and a lady who could handle her own inconsistencies. She was determined to have both recognition of her work and popularity. Years ago, Miss Glasgow came to town determined to change publishers. She summoned a few of her friends. My wife and I went of an afternoon to the Chatham. Farrar & Rinehart was then a mere infant and I felt sure there was no chance of adding Miss Glasgow to our small list which already boasted at least two dramatic ladies—and it is never wise to have too many dramatic ladies on the same list. When Miss Glasgow commanded, however, one obeyed.

After a rush of small chatter, she said, "I never want my publishers to misprepresent me in advertising. It must be dignified. I'd rather have a half dozen people understand my work than to have millions read it!"

She smiled and then gave one of her laughs which was a cross between a chuckle and a giggle. "*But why doesn't Doubleday's give me more full-page advertisements in both* The Times *and the* Tribune?"

If this were a review of Sophie Kerr's new book—which it isn't—I could point out to you how Sophie Kerr deals with these matters in "Wife's Eye View." Instead, I shall recommend heartily that you read the book, and I'll joyfully stick to the personal and point out that if you have been reading about the current difficulties of book publishing (including Bennet Cerf's recent remarks in this publication) you must wonder why we don't all return to the beginning of our trade and give the whole business back to the authors and the printers, eliminating editors of all varieties, literary agents, public relations men, salesmen, and bookstores as we know them. This might, indeed, please James M. Cain of the Authors' Authority, and Judge Tiffany of the Book Manufacturing Institute; but in that case, the authors and the printers would have to do their own jobs, including selling their wares to the public, and take the full responsibilities as well as the profits—and the losses.

Publishing is hard work. So is writing. But it is my belief that the problems facing all of us in the literary scene will adjust, as they have in the past, by the exercise of the magic that lies in the hearts of those who love it, and by their back-breaking efforts. The public plays its part in more ways than one, but one that it's good to remember is that this dear public finally insists on what it wants —and often recognizes the best.

Sophie Kerr, I am sure, will agree that whatever the confusions of disappointments, it is the literary scene in which she finds it most fascinating to play her own part. For myself, since this is personal, "Maybe I'm only a publisher, but . . ."

LITERARY ANNIVERSARY

(*Continued from page 8*)

and it is pleasant to recall that in Cervantes's declining years the French ambassador, wondering at not having met him, inquired about him in the salons of the Madrid court. By way of apology, someone told him: "Poor Cervantes is a man unfavored by fortune." The ambasador retorted that a writer like him could be considered a great luxury in any court, in any kingdom. Cervantes had won the battle, but not in Spain; nor has he won it there to this day. A bearded professor holds it against Cervantes that the latter never had a university training; and using arguments from which we are to infer that Cervantes's only claim to utility is that of having served as an historical pretext for the existence of so distingished a caste of men as Cervantists, he well-nigh accuses him of being uncultured. Another professor—no less than Unamuno this time—said: "That poor Cervantes, so unworthy of Don Quixote. . . ." Whereupon he added that Don Quixote belonged more to him, *i.e.*, Unamuno, than to Cervantes himself, and that the author had created him "by accident." Surprising, this frivolity of Unamuno's in denying Cervantes any consciousness of his creation. But it takes very little imagination to see that the man who wrote those three little masterpieces entitled "El Licenciado Vidriera," "El Coloquio de los Perros," and "Rinconete y Cortadillo" possessed all the resources of the highest culture of his period and knew perfectly well what he was about.

Cervantes knew that the battle in Spain would be of uncertain outcome. Suffering, far from dulling, had given edge to his sensibility, and he fully

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realized the precariousness of his position in the literary society of his time. He sometimes felt a need to compensate by victories in other latitudes for the defeats suffered at home. "The great Emperor of China," he says, "has sent me a letter by messenger about a month ago; in it he states that he would like to found a school for the reading of the Castilian language and that the book to be used should be the story of "Don Quixote." Along with this he tells me I am to be the rector of that school." Was Cervantes finding compensation by means of oriental fables for the unpropitious reality of the academies and cenacles of *Principe* Street? In the "Journey to Parnassus" he tells us that when he did have access to those academies, "I had no seat." Poetasters sought to entangle him in their quibbling judgments. Cervantes says:

Before the good council I bowed my head
And remained standing, for no good seat is there
Where favor does not carve it, nor wealth.

Among the Mira de Mescuas, the Argensolas, and a swarm of less-known rimesters, Cervantes was obliged to turn to victories in China, perhaps, to keep alive his self-respect. Those arguments, of such moving innocence, serve his vernacular renown even less nowadays. If the "Quixote," after the Bible, is the most printed book in the world, the culture from which it issues and over which its grandeur is projected has been proscribed by the "imperium" of fascist Spain. The "Quixote" is a book in exile. Hence, it is not strange that the fourth centenary of Cervantes's birth should be celebrated only by Spaniards in exile. It was impossible that the betrayers of Spanish democracy should prove loyal to its culture; and if Cervantes should speak to them from the Empyrean where he rests, he would no doubt speak with a sovereign disdain in understanding words, perhaps in the tone of that "Avaunt ye Scoundrels" . . . of the last page of the "Quixote." They know him and they hate him. They hate him today as they did then. Cervantes is as alive in their hatred as he is in our love:

For with his death, Death
Did not triumph over life . . .

Some years ago, a certain general shouted at some cultural function in Salamanca: "Death to intelligence. . . ." But fascists hate not only intelligence, but, above all, poetic miracle and mystery. The true meaning of the great works of Spanish art always begins where the values of understanding end. If France's vaunt is that of being the home of clarity and aspires to logic as though it were an end, the Spaniard on the other hand uses clarity as but an additional instrument whereby to continue exploring the unending world of dreams in which he may chance to come upon something, or perhaps go astray only to find himself, finally, in an enormous, illuminated void. It may turn out to be nothing, but it may also be, and often is, great poetry—the miraculous. Cervantes the Spaniard succeeds in the "Quixote" in setting the stage for an invocation, a conjury, of the miraculous, which is then produced with a mysterious facility. In reference to another book, the "Celestina," Cervantes states:

. . . a book in my opinion divine
If it masked the human more.

Like the "Quixote," the "Celestina" offers us a tract peopled by strange resonances and shadows of eternity. In them we occasionally glimpse the fatal order that rules us, or at least we have the illusion of glimpsing it. Certain academics, whose position in relation to culture is like that of sacristans in the presence of divinity (for having dusted the image of Christ they believe themselves entitled to treat the Son of God familiarly, with all possibility of understanding theology excluded) speak of realism and mysticism and say that they are always found together in the works of Spanish genius. But nothing is explained by attempting to combine a religious attitude with a literary school nor dividing each author neatly in two halves. In the "Quixote" we find the absolute presence of man in the absolute reality which surrounds him—compounded of all the reality of the physical and metaphysical—and the expression of that presence by the relative elements that language affords. The prime condition for expressing it is the gift for spontaneous communication, possessed by Cervantes in the highest

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Julian West, in "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy. 2. "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 3. "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. 4. Homer Adam, in "Mr. Adam," by Pat Frank. 5. Ulysses, in "The Odyssey," by Homer. 6. Ishmael, in "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville. 7. Lemuel Gulliver, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift. 8. Hank Morgan, in "The Connecticut Yankee," by Mark Twain. 9. Nunez, in "The Country of the Blind," by H. G. Wells. 10. Griffin, in "The Invisible Man," by H. G. Wells.

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degree — in that superlative degree which is the hallmark of genius—and which can be reached at any given moment, only by an act of heroic renunciation perhaps. Cervantes renounces everything—even himself—in order to make himself universally accessible. It is all one whether the renunciation is voluntary or whether it is forced upon him by disillusionment. In the nests of yester-year, there are no birds of present-year. Among his renounced ambitions figures—significantly enough—that of a highly-wrought perfection. When Cervantes attempts to achieve it in "Persiles y Segismunda," his communicative faculty fails him and he barely interests us. When he achieves a masterwork in the form of his "Coloquio de los Perros" (Colloquy of the Dogs), he succeeds in interesting us only in virtue of his rich imagination and the fulness of his understanding. But the miraculous, that self-same miraculous for which Cervantes calls the "Celestina" divine, he attains only with "Don Quixote." It is as though it were not man—the social person—to whom we owe it, but the very genius of the species. That genius sometimes speaks clearly, at others utilizes key and cipher, and, at still others, stammers. It has to be thus. It is not always reason which authorizes discourse, and exercises sway over it. Whence the omissions, errors of composition, and lacunae. Cervantes had renounced everything, himself included, and from his dungeon he tried to tell us so. But in the labyrinths of that renunciation, if we but give ourselves up to them, we shall find a Cervantes placed in absolute reality, of which one of the characteristics is to prepare the projection of all our values toward their negations, that they may be tested. If these values rebound—from their negations—magnified, we then have the miraculous. ("The vicious circle is of divine essence," Baudelaire says.) In ridiculing what he loved and humbling what had been his ideal, Cervantes saw this ideal crystallize for the first time, saw it taking form before his wearied vision. In his last years he was finally certain he had wrought the miraculous and that Don Quixote, maltreated, defeated, unarmed, with his reason unhinged, with no real battles fought and hence with no victories won, was to be forever, and inevitably, the first knight of Spain and the world.

Ramón Sender is the author of "Chronicle of Dawn," "Counterattack in Spain," "Man's Place," and "Mr. Witt Among the Rebels." The foregoing article was translated from the Spanish by Felix Giovanelli.

SAMUEL JOHNSON talked for victory and, thanks to Boswell, won such victory as talk had never won before. His words go on and on, always sure of a new audience, sure that many of these who have heard them once will return to hear them again and again, with undiminishing pleasure. And what did Boswell gain by the famous collaboration? Nothing less than the distinction of being named "the greatest biographer the world has ever known." That is what Louis Kronenberger calls him in the wholly admirable introduction to the wholly admirable "Portable Johnson and Boswell" (Viking Press, $2), and Mr. Kronenberger is far from lonely in his judgment. For my own part, I have never believed that Boswell was a great biographer in the fullest sense of the word. But he was something just as good, he has given his own name to what he was, and we use that name to describe his imitators. He was a Boswell, and it is hardly credible that he will ever be surpassed at his special game.

It has puzzled many persons that he should have been capable of a masterpiece. But no less puzzling is the attraction exercised by Johnson upon those who know him through the "Life." He was a boor and a bully, as Mr. Kronenberger says. He was also one of the most tireless show-offs in history, ready to perform for any audience, no matter how inferior. ("This," writes Boswell, after recording one of his master's crudest sallies, "produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.") He was a bad winner in argument, and would resort to the most brutal tactics to avoid losing. His contempt for the opinions of almost everyone whom he honored with his society was prodigious and paraded. He was a towering mass of prejudice. He could be a monster of wrongheadedness. His pomposity verged on the ludicrous. Yet he is one of the best companions that the world's library affords, and the longer one lives with him the more one values him. His power to attract crosses political and religious frontiers, as is amply proved by the liberal Mr. Kronenberger's affection for this tory of tories, this inveterate bigot. But affection does not keep Johnson's latest editor from seeing him clearly (as clearly as he sees Johnson's biographer), and Mr. Kronenberger's introductory study of the inseparable pair is worthy of the company it keeps, for, apart from its solid content, it is a distinguished, even elegant, piece of writing.

In addition to the abridged "Life," the editor gives us selections from Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," and a "very slightly condensed" version of Boswell's "Dialogue with Rousseau," previously available only in a limited edition. Johnson is well represented by his lives of Savage and Pope, "The Vanity of Human Wishes" and three other poems, a review of Soame Jenyns's treatise on "Evil," the preface to Shakespeare, some Shakespearean notes, the concluding passages of the Dictionary's preface, and the characteristic letters provoked by Mrs. Thorale's marriage to Piozzi. Glimpses and anecdotes of Johnson, as recorded by Fanny Burney and Mrs. Piozzi, complete a volume that many of us will wish to keep within easy reach.

Howard Fast, in his introduction to "The Best Short Stories of Theodore Dreiser" (World Publishing Co., $2.75), does his author a disservice by claiming that he "has no peer in the American short story." The statement is absurd. But Dreiser did sometimes succeed in a form that cramped him. *Vide* "Phantom Gold" and "Nigger Jeff." . . . "Travelers in Time" (Doubleday, $3.50), edited by Philip Van Doren Stern, is a thoroughly entertaining compilation. "Man, who has conquered terrestrial space," says Mr. Stern, "is helpless in the time dimension." But his imagination is not helpless, and these twenty-four tales show that imagination at its busiest, playing tricks with time, with writers as excellent as Kipling, Beerbohm, D. H. Lawrence, Wells, James Stephens, and A. E. Coppard contributing to the fun. . . . C. S. Forester's best book, "The General," is back in print (Little, Brown, $2.50). If you have not read this brilliant history of an English professional soldier, you should run, not walk, to obtain it. Seldom have realism and satire mingled so happily and inextricably. . . . Richard Hughes's "The Innocent Voyage" is a distinguished addition to Penguin Books (25c), and Harold Bell Wright's "The Shepherd of the Hills" is, at least, a famous addition to Pocket Books (25c).

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
HANDEL, 12 CONCERTI GROSSI, Opus 6. Busch Chamber Players. A. Busch, E. Drucker, vls. H. Busch, cello. M. Horszowski, harps. continuo. Columbia M 685(25) 3 vols. $28.50	Vigorous, lots of highs; sometimes bit heavily recorded. Fine balance between solos, *tutti*, harpsichord. Slight distortion apparent on a few sides.	A to B+	*(See below)* Big collection endlessly varied, short, mostly interchangeable movements—top listening. Playing is good, though sometimes coarse; ensemble uneven. Correct instrs. adds to ease of listening, liveness.
BACH, BRANDENBURG CONCERTO #2. *a)* Boyd Neel Orch. London Decca EDA 27 (2) $5	Broad perspective, wide range. Piano far too prominent (shouldn't be there at all).	A—	Both tonally overweight. Neel is smoother; uses original valveless clarino. BSO uses high-B♭ trumpet. Both use piano, wrongly. Unpleasantly prominent in Neel; in background in BSO.
b) Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. With #5) Victor M 1118 (4) $5	Good, *(SRL* July 12) but less effective recording than above. Surfaces poor.	B+ to B	
RAVEL, DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, Suites 1 & 2. Paris Conservatory Orch. Münch. London Decca EDA 29 (2) $7.50	Ultra high fidelity, cavernously live, like other ffrrs. Very brilliant effects here.	A—	Both suites together; an outstanding all-French performance. Quite unlike domestic recordings.
RUSSIAN MELODIES. Piatigorsky, cello; R. Berkowitz, pf. Columbia M 684 (3 10") $3	Another in series of this type album. Balance is off—too much cello, too close. Fine liveness.	A	Familiar trifles. Not as effective as recent Francescatti album *(SRL* Apr. 5) Too much Piatigorsky.

CONCERTI GROSSI

THE huge three-volume recording of all twelve of Handel's Concerti Grossi opus 6 *(above)* is for me one of the most welcome releases in many years—for here is a prize example of repertory versus non-repertory. These concertos are customarily found in that class of music where a "representative" example is considered sufficient for historical reference and occasional repertory performance. Arbitrarily, inexplicably, Concertos numbers 5 and 6 are the choice, and these two we hear every time (until some people, a bit naïvely, assume that perhaps these are in fact the only good ones), just as the official Haydn symphony in every music appreciation book was for so many years the everlasting "Surprise"; as Palestrina turns up on choral programs with his unimportant "Sicut Cervus"; as Lassus, the multi-prolific genius, is neatly boiled down to the eternal "Matona, Lovely Maiden," one of his duller works; as Gluck is tied to his "Orpheus" ballet music and "Divinités du Stix"—fine but hardly unique examples of his genius; as even a man like Ibert cannot escape from his early "Escales," Liadov from that endlessly "Enchanted Lake," Poulenc from his "Perpetual Motion"! We might mention in passing the thirty-two full-length oratorios of which "Messiah" is number 16 and the music in forty-seven Handel operas, ninety-nine per cent of which is never heard.

I defy any listener to explain on musical grounds why the relatively familiar Concertos numbers 5 and 6 in this set are in any way more extraordinary than the ten other works of genius here unfolded, most of which are utterly unknown in this country! I challenge anyone to find more superb music of its sort than this endlessly varied collection of the best, the most honest and straightforward, the most subtle of the Handel musical output.

For those who have enjoyed the elaborately transcribed "Water Music," "Fireworks," and other synthetic Handel suites à la Beecham—here are forty-nine sides of the same music or better, and in its original state, too, unmarred by that "modernization" that does little more than make this music sound both antique and childish.

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GOOD-WILL POOL

MANY Americans from Maine to California will remember Blanche Weber Shaffer who, before her marriage in 1941 to Leslie Shaffer of the American Friends Service Committee, was for twelve years director of a unique collection of children's books at the International Bureau of Education in Geneva, Switzerland. Leslie Shaffer is stationed now in London and he and his wife are living in an old house on Hampstead Heath. Blanche Shaffer's interest in books for boys and girls is as strong as ever and she has followed closely the books published for children in the United States during and since the war. Lately she has been looking over the children's books published in England and, in answer to a request from Books for Young People, has sent some of her thoughts about them in the letter below. Mrs. Shaffer's wide knowledge makes any comment from her important, and we hope to hear from her again.

While she browsed in London bookshops and public libraries this reviewer was "observing" children's books in Ohio and Kentucky, talking to various groups whose common interest they are, telling stories, getting a vivid impression of what the boys and girls are reading and, even more important, what they *lack*. The result is a series of mental pictures that form a background to the reading of these boys and girls: busy, noisy Cincinnati with its streamlined buildings, its lovely suburbs, one at least of its bookshops that is the fulfilment of a book lover's dream, and its modern and completely satisfying public library service to children and young people; the Ohio River from a "showboat" called *The Island Queen* that boasts a real, honest-to-goodness calliope; quiet, beautiful Berea College with its fine faculty and eager students, its friendly, relaxed children who know so well how to say "thank you," its great dairy and fertile fields set in a green bowl against the Cumberland hills; the high Cumberlands themselves in their June glory of trees and birds and wild flowers; the little county seat of Hyden in Leslie County where only two per cent of the land is level, where there are more than seventy one-room district schools, only one high school, and no public library service beyond what Berea can give them; the drab little towns of the coal-mining region in Harlan County, where the children have no books at all excepting school textbooks; the high pass over Pine Mountain with its magnificent view; the rich, level land of the blue-grass country around Lexington and the horse farms where the descendants of Man o' War live like kings in their clean, fragrant stables; mile after mile of growing corn and tobacco flashing past the car windows. . . . Contrasting all this with Mrs. Shaffer's report from England in its post-war economic crisis, it is difficult to realize that in this huge, rich country there are thousands—even millions—of boys and girls who have never owned a book, who have never seen a bookshop or a public library.

The children of Leslie and Harlan counties need books as hungry children need food. Their response to picture books and to storytelling is immediate, filled with humor, intelligence, and vitality. To give them books is to build up strength for the America of tomorrow. There are many organizations, hundreds of individuals who are ready to give them books if some practical plan of distribution can be found. Early in the fall the Treasure Chest Committee and the Save the Children Federation are combining to open a campaign for "Treasure Chests U.S.A." It will succeed as the campaign for children of foreign countries has succeeded. But it is not the answer to the problem. This answer lies with the book trade, with the training schools, with the National Education Association, and the American Library Association. Somehow, the knowledge and good will of all thoughtful people must be pooled, and good books made accessible to all the children of America.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

—From "The Little White Horse."

London Letter

IT IS a joy here to receive *The Saturday Review of Literature* and to see what is being written "at home." I have the same feeling of pleasure—although it recalls the past—when in a London bookshop, a library, or a friend's house I discover much used copies of American children's books such as "Little Women" or one of the "Twin" series. Even in their new English editions on inferior paper Louisa May Alcott's books are read and enjoyed by English girls of today. "What Katy Did" has also recently reappeared. Among more recent American books "The Little Red Hen," an old nursery tale retold by Helen Dean Fish, has lost none of its colorfulness and charm in the English edition. It is a bright addition to any collection. In general the production of books in England is anything but gay, for the recent fuel crisis, which has hit all industries, has dealt a heavy blow to the publication of books—now months behind schedule. Moreover, during the blitz whole publishing houses were destroyed, not only the stocks of books but the plates—an irreparable loss. As a sad testimony to the barbarism of our times, one sees in the publishing district of London simple signs emerging from heaps of stones that indicate where stood this or that famous publishing house. It is like discovering the graveyard of civilization.

Because of the dearth of books and the great demand for them, librarians, teachers, and parents have had, much against their conscience, to buy just what happened to be in the market. Many children will, we are told, be forever poorer for not having had given them the classics of their elders. We watched the joy of a well-known children's librarian when she discovered on the shelf of a bookstore *five* copies of "The Wind in the Willows" and ordered them instantly for her branch libraries. That joy and that outstretched hand were eloquent testimony of the scarcity of old favorites.

Among the classics we hear that "Alice in Wonderland" is still popular, though scarce, but that "Peter

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Pan" has lost his popularity. It may be that today's children, who mature more rapidly, have little patience with the little boy who never grew up. Arthur Ransome, whose first book "Swallows and Amazons" came out in 1930, is still in the foreground of English literature for young people. His "The Picts and the Martyrs," published during the war years, is popular. Who are the authors best liked today? Ellen Colwell, children's librarian at Hendon, mentions W. E. Johns, Richmal Crompton, and Enid Blyton. Captain John's "Biggles" is in the Superman tradition and much beloved by boys and girls. Richmal Crompton has, for the last twenty years, told the many adventures of "William," a naughty but good-hearted boy for whom many brothers and sisters could be found in children's literature all over the world. Recently "Jimmy" has succeeded "William," with much the same qualities. Enid Blyton seems to be writing with ten pens at once, for she turns out whole libraries at a time: school stories, adventure stories, plays, rhymes, and nature tales. Her production comes to the children over the radio, through the newspapers, and in books, and are in great demand. To a discriminating adult they seem a regrettable expression of the hasty and shallow production of our day; the characters are mere puppets pulled through improbable adventures. English boys and girls, like Americans, show a new interest in "career" books. "Five Farthings," by Monica Redlich, is a good novel about work in a publishing house. There is here, as everywhere else, a gap in the continuity of books for the teen-age girls that might well be filled by a wise selection and translation from the literature of different countries. Unlike America, where practically every state has served as background to a child's story, the different sections of England have not yet entered into children's literature. In picture books, too, English children are less fortunate than American. Few have been published recently; they are high priced and soon deteriorate because of their "austerity" binding.

It is probably true to say that English children's books which, with Arthur Ransome, Noel Streathfield, M. E. Atkinson, Howard Spring, and others had reached a high standard before the war, have experienced a slump during the war years and have not yet touched their pre-war standard. However, "The Little White Horse," by Elizabeth Goudge, which justly deserved the Library Association Carnegie Medal given to the best book published in 1946, is a promising and inspired revival.

In the same bookstores where too many classic books are missing, where good new books are far too few, other features of the English book world are as usual. A cup of tea is brought to the clerks at eleven in the morning and the rhythm of life is restful and pleasant. This year the world outside the windows has been blessed with a most mild and flowery spring. Now summer is here, with its green, carpet-like lawns and its trees green as only English trees can be.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HATE WILL FIND A WAY *Martin Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2)	Smothering of gauzily garbed Parisienne leads Commissaire Saturnin Dax along paths high and low to unusual conclusion.	Dax and comrades perform particularly well in eventful and colorfully characterized tale of upper and lower strata in post-war Paris.	Entertaining
I, THE JURY *Mickey Spilland* (Dutton: $2.50)	Private op. Mike Hammer, after pal's murder, proves you don't kill cops and get away with it.	Lurid action, lurid characters, lurid writing, lurid plot, lurid finish.	Lurid
THE SCARF *Robert Bloch* (Dial Press: $2.50)	Talented boy, after unfortunate adolescent encounter with school-marm, runs away, becomes successful author—and kills all gals who hinder him.	Abnormal psychology handled without gloves and with spade. Quite unbelievable — but effective if you like this kind of goop.	Shocker
MALLY LEE *Elisabeth Kyle* (Crime Club: $2)	Long-absent Scottish girl returns to ancestral home and finally lifts clouds from forty-year-old death—at cost of two fatalities.	Good characters, rich Scottish country background, touch of supernatural, wee bit romance, and effective denouement.	Thoroughly enjoyable
DEAD AND DUMB *Edmund Crispin* (Lippincott: $2.50)	English Wagnerian basso gets deadly come-uppance after angry rehearsal of "Meistersinger" in Oxford. Gervase Fen helps and hinders police.	Typical Crispin job —somewhat thinner than earlier works— with Fen acting Puckish throughout, and action popping merrily at all times.	B-plus British
PURSUIT TILL MORNING *Alan Wykes* (Random House: $2.75)	After young wife's death English husband goes out to get hypocritical half-brother who indirectly caused demise. He does.	Fantastic "chase" and flash-backs into lives of people concerned handled with much power and deal of good writing.	Impressive
NEVER BY CHANCE *Sylvia Tate* (Harpers: $2.50)	Beautiful mistress of Hollywood pianist-composer killed by auto. In tracing her past he makes exciting discoveries.	By all odds best first suspense-tale of year to date and equal to any other—with certain minor reservations.	Hard to beat!
THE COPPER LADY *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2)	Calif. copper-shop owner and art collector oddly slain. Detectives Johnson and Sinclair sift numerous deeply involved suspects.	Interesting data on copper-working, pleasantly acidulous sleuths, and sufficient action. Characters are rather unpleasant lot.	Fair
UNFINISHED BUSINESS *Cary Lucas* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Vanished Mexico mgr. for U. S. machinery co. found, murdered, by young engineer, who dares helen highwater to scotch subversive slayers	Timely and tropical tale of plot to overturn Mexican govt., starring sultry femmes, nasty *voyeur* villain, engaging hero and helpful FBI.	Feverish

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the Phoenix Nest

BERRYING

WE TRUDGED along the dusty road, alert
For berries, finding few—until we came
To an old graveyard where the headstones, rubbed
Unclear by time, brushed from our minds our quest.
We stooped; we peered, deciphering this tale:
Em Brown, aged ninety years, eight months, ten days;
His first wife, Arabelle, aged twenty-two;
Their twin-boys, firstlings, Em and Will, five months . . .
We sighed. We straightened with our berry cans
Unmindful of their lightness, when our son,
Too young to muse, cried, "Mommie, Daddy, look!"
We looked. We saw the clustered berries draped
Around the slanting headstones—but we had
No heart to pick, much less to eat, the fruit.

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

* * *

A communiqué from Earle Walbridge:

> Two of your monsters figure in Andrew Lang's semi-satirical fairy tale "Prince Prigio," I learn from the new, first, and excellent biography of Lang by Roger Lancelyn Green ("Andrew Lang; a Critical Biography," Leicester, England: Edward Ward, Oct. 1946). One of the "Chronicles of Pantouflia," it was first written in 1889 and reprinted in "My Own Fairy Book" (1906). Prince Prigio, true to his name, prefers study to action, but "at length he sets out to slay the Fire-drake, having promised to give the horns and tail of it to his lady, and accomplishes its destruction by setting it to fight the Remora, or Ice-Beast, of whose existence his vast reading makes him aware in the pages of Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. Green goes on to say that "Lightness, humor, gay adventure have ever been the most popular with the majority of young readers. For every one child devoted to George MacDonald, there are a hundred whose faith is pledged to E. Nesbit." Naturally I approve that.
>
> Lang once began a thriller in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson, to be called "Where Is Rose?" It included among its characters "an enterprising person named 'The Whiteley of Crime,' the universal Provider of Iniquity. In fact, he anticipated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Professor Moriarty."
>
> There is a most interesting chapter on the writing of Lang's "experiment in romance" about the Egyptian Helen, "The World's Desire," which he wrote in collaboration with Rider Haggard. Lang wrote a sonnet one day after reading F. Anstey's "The Tinted Venus" and recalling the old story of "The Ring Given to Venus" on which the latter was based. It ends:
>
> And we, like him, have given our hearts away
> To beauty that was never clad in clay,
> That puts all mortal loveliness to scorn;
> A pale, a bitter, and a jealous queen,
> With her undying beauty set between
> Our loves and us, to make us all forlorn.

* * *

I am glad to print this from Ken Robinson of Nuevo, California:

> When I read The Phoenix Nest for May 31, I was happily surprised at the mention of Robert Browning. It may interest your readers to know that there has been a literal run on Browning during the past winter. Second-hand shops in Los Angeles say they can't keep anything on Browning. I have heard a number discussing this fact. I stopped in a second-hand shop in Albuquerque last week. He was sold out there. And yet when I wrote the editor of *The Saturday Review* of this he replies to say that there is no more interest in Browning than there was ten years ago. And that he is of interest only to bibliophiles. I disagree. I wouldn't be at all surprised that if you quizzed folks through your column you would find a real interest in the works of Robert Browning. Those who have not tapped him are missing something truly great. I believe Browning has much to give to our modern world.

The following is from Portland, Oregon:

> It seems to me that the roots of our American mythology are clarified a good deal by a recent *Time* article [Mar. 3], on the subject of rural psychotics. It says in part:
>
> A recent study case of a typical rural county found that country people, in spite of their slower-paced living, are just as frustrated, neurotic, and generally queer as anybody else—perhaps more so. . . . Isolated farm families often harbored and hid a psychotic to avoid his commitment to an institution. . . .
>
> Anyhow, it inspired the following verse:

JEETER LESTER, TAKE IT AWAY

The integral themes of our folklore are clearer,
Reflected in rural psychiatry's mirror.
Miz Wiggs, it's apparent, was weak in the wits.
Ichabod Crane was a definite schiz.
Winkle's another neurotic statistic.
Mr. MacGregor was plainly sadistic.
The wandering twosome of Aleshine and Lecks
Was only too certainly driven by sex.
Remember how tranquil the hours and good
When over the river and through the wood
To Grandmother's house we'd ride?
They kept her tied.

P. BRACKEN.

* * *

OBIT

A book that is no longer read
Should plainly be considered dead,
Yet no one marks the fatal hour
It lost its vital, living power.
Though once it made men cry or laugh,
It has no slightest epitaph.
Unmoved, unbreathed upon, forlorn,
The book is dead, and none to mourn,
Except—if they be still astir—
The author and the publisher.

RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

The Poetry Chap-Book, a quarterly of verse, announces a first prize of $50 and a second prize of $25 for the best poems appearing in the four numbers of the magazine in 1947 or accepted in 1947 for later publication. Judges of the award are A. M. Sullivan, former president of the Poetry Society of America, and Sydney King Russell, one of the editors of the *Chap-Book*. Geoffrey Johnson, well-known British poet, has joined the staff of the magazine as its European editor. *The Poetry Chap-Book* is published by Gustav Davidson at 227 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y. It is now in its fifth year.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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CAUTION! We have been retained by a client in the matter of a lost diary, the private records of a beautiful young lady of the eighteenth century named Pamela Foxe. It has been brought to our attention that an unscrupulous publisher may place this diary on public sale. We should consider this most reprehensible, for the affairs of Pamela Foxe —and the intimate story of her lost innocence— should remain her private property and hers alone. If found, please return to: Chichester, Cholmondeley, Creighton & Crumbe, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, 10th floor.

GENTLEMAN devoted to sports, music, literature, invites correspondence with members of the opposite sex. Box 301-W.

BUSY IN HOME AND OFFICE, but sufficient leisure to correspond with mature male, interested in books, liberal politics, gaiety. Box 303-W.

COMIC GREETING CARDS. The kind you have been looking for. 25 cards (all different) $2.00 postpaid. Sample card 10¢. Box 304-W.

LONESOME LADY, does not drink or smoke, wishes correspondence with refined gentleman. Box 305-W.

STUDENT interested in philosophy, literature, and religion invites correspondence with men of similar interests. Box 306-W.

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FREELANCE COPY. Anything from slogan to catalogue. Ghostwriting. Research. Living in Mass. Box 307-W.

ADVENTUROUS GENTLEMAN invites correspondence intelligent girls interested books and swimming. Box 308-W.

YOUNG BACHELOR WANTED with Manhattan apartment to share. References exchanged. Box 310-W.

GENTLEMAN invites correspondence intelligent girls interested dreams and reality. Box 309-W.

LADY INTERESTED in making new pen-friends desires to correspond with gentleman. Box 311-W.

FURNISHED FARM CAMP, $200.00 brook, woods, screened sleeping porch. B. Jacobs, Highland, New York.

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(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

SADDLE LAKE DUDE RANCH, Wilton, N. Y. Good food, fun, hospitality. All sports. Private lake. Modern airy rooms near Saratoga. Modern rates. Booklet SR. Phone Glens Falls 2-7295.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

ARE YOU A COLLECTOR OF SPECIAL SETS OF LITERATURE? Send for bargain list. Box 964-T.

MARINE VETERAN, slightly disabled seeks light assignment weekends. Versatile. N.Y.C. Box 312-W.

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FLYING SAUCER desires correspondence almost extinct individual with feet on the ground. Box 315-W.

LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT (Sherman) offers room, single-double, kitchen privileges. Complete isolation, quiet. Single, $15 weekly; double $20. Highest references required. Box 316-W.

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WHAT FEMMES and bored guys will correspond with young man? Box 317-W.

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EXPERIENCED STENOGRAPHER, preferably for writers available. Saturdays. A.B. degree, English. Box 318-W.

MALE, MATURE college graduate, professional diversified interests invites correspondence from females. Box 319-W.

VINECOTE FARM. Charming two-room apartment available after Labor Day. Modern equipment, 18th century house—165 acres of woodland. Ideal for writer or artist. Horence Williams, Vinecote Farm, Ghent, N. Y. Phone evenings Philmont 2972.

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GAG WRITER? Humorously inclined? Talented cartoonist wishes to collaborate. Box 321-W.

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BUOYANT MALE loves life, people, would like to correspond with interesting female. Box 322-W.

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MATURE GAL, youthful, spirited, anti-conventional, likes folks, outdoors, water sports; craves stimulating correspondence adventurous average intelligent mature male. Box 325-W.

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YOUNG WOMAN, well-trained, efficient secretary, seeks work with future. Educated, intelligent, energetic, likes personnel work, administrative detail; literary tastes, editorial, research experience. $50 weekly. Box 327-W.

INTELLIGENT LADY PARTNER (writer, teacher, photographer) conversant German, wanted for special photo service, 9 years established. Box 328-W.

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MATURE WOMAN, sense of humor, appreciation of human values, wishes masculine correspondence. Box 329-W.

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER, age 61, retiring wants non-teaching position with adults. Reliable, active, competent. Nice personality. Have you any type of position for her? Box 330-W.

MATURE LADY with constructive philosophy of life, enjoys outdoor living, would welcome masculine correspondence. Box 331-W.

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INDEPENDENT PROFESSIONAL MAN, invites female correspondence, any subject. Box 335-W.

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VETERAN convalescing. Free thinker and dreamer with a political streak, desires correspondence with lady. Box 342-W.

GENT, would enjoy stimulating epistolary frolic with imaginative gal who can play and have fun with words. Box 343-W.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED BY A BOOK(S) that you cannot find through ordinary bookstore channels. We conduct a regular bibliophilic detective service. No obligation. Send your list of out-of-print book wants. Box 344-W.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 698

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

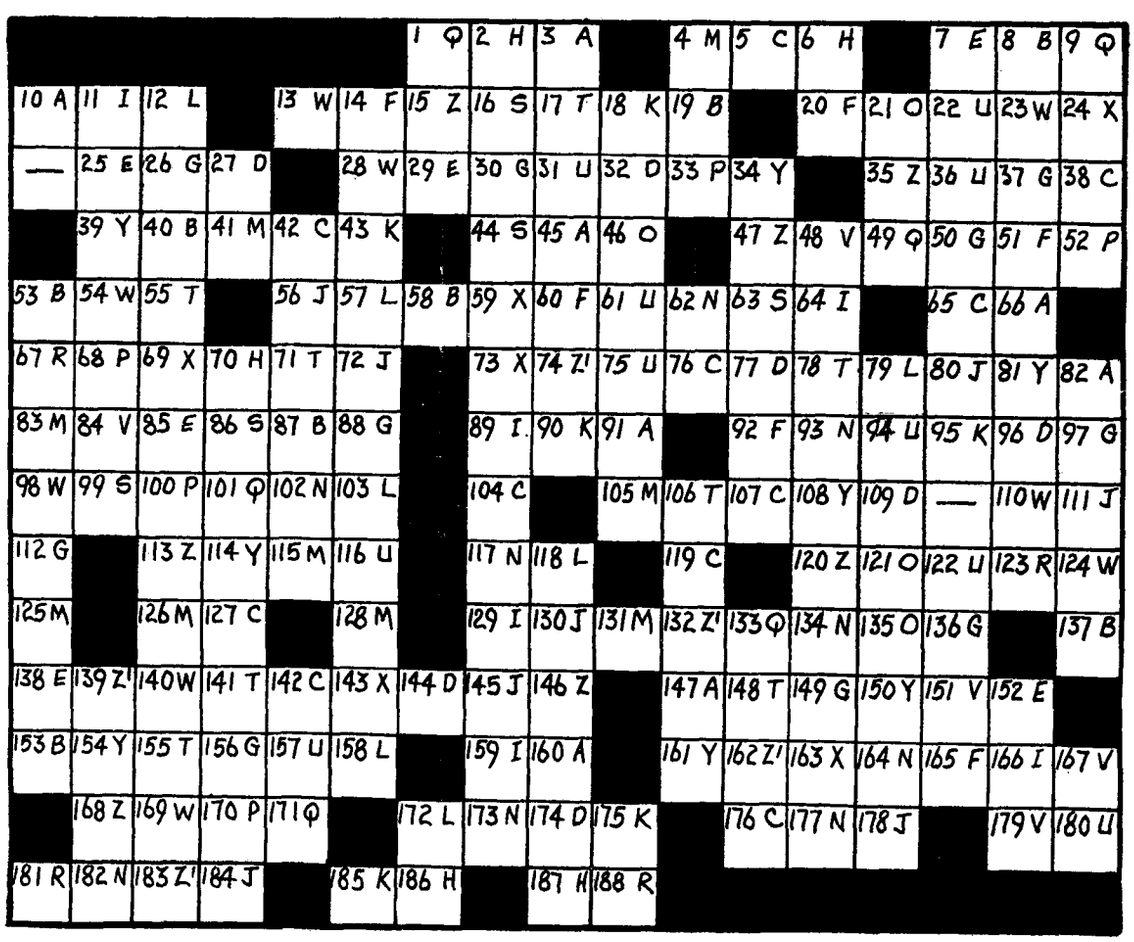
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To disappoint expectations (Slang; 2 wds.).	160 147 10 3 91 82 45 66
B. American poet and essayist (1892-).	153 58 137 19 8 53 87 40
C. Wrong use of one word for another (Rhet.; as, "common" for "mutual").	76 104 176 119 142 5 107 38 127 65 42
D. Laborious; busy (said of persons).	174 96 32 77 144 109 27
E. American poet (1842-81).	152 138 85 29 25 7
F. Pacific atoll where history was made, July, 1946.	20 92 14 60 51 165
G. Last night (Poetic).	26 30 88 136 50 149 112 37 97 156
H. Large lake, vicinity of Leningrad.	187 2 70 6 186
I. Any prickly pears.	166 159 129 89 11 64
J. The highest peak of Puerto Rico.	178 130 111 80 72 56 145 184
K. A present given to a guest or stranger (Class. Antiq.).	95 43 90 185 18 175
L. Fulsome praise.	79 57 172 118 103 158 12
M. Flattery or insincere promises (Fr.; 2 wds.).	115 128 83 105 41 125 126 4 131
N. The root or plant of the common rhubarb (Pharm.).	173 177 134 182 117 93 164 62 102
O. Early center of Celtic church, in the Hebrides.	21 46 135 121
P. One of the Muses (Class. Myth.).	100 33 170 52 68
Q. Lake in S. E. Africa, 360 miles long, 25 miles average width.	101 171 1 49 133 9
R. American physician, hygiene and children's diseases (1854-1917; coined "certified milk").	67 181 123 188
S. Collectively, highly trained soldiers (esp., Swiss first-line troops).	86 16 99 44 63
T. Instead of (3 wds.).	106 155 55 141 148 78 71 17
U. River in Wyoming, flows into the North Platte.	75 116 94 180 122 31 36 61 157 22
V. Pants violently.	167 151 84 179 48
W. Exaggerates.	124 28 110 140 23 98 54 169 13
X. A dyestuff turned red by excess of acid, blue by excess of alkali.	59 143 163 69 73 24
Y. The fingers (Humorous).	108 114 161 150 39 154 81 34
Z. To disappear; cease to be.	47 113 168 120 15 146 35
Z'. Independent kingdom between India and Tibet.	74 162 139 132 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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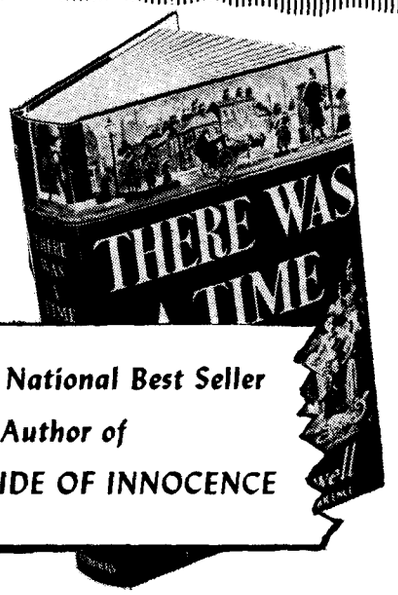

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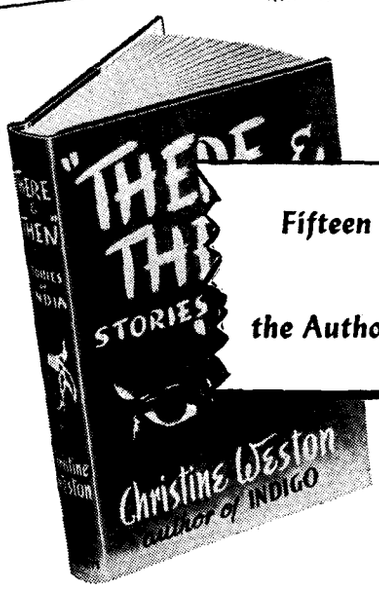

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